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# OUR INCESTUOUS MARRIAGE

IF materialism is the sin of the age, it can be traced to man's materialization of marriage.

Nature endowed sex with mysticism in order that marriage might mean a sacred consummation of two lives in love. But our civilized system of marriage has destroyed the mysticism of sex to such a degree that it has destroyed with it the deeper impulses of love, the primal passion, the biological imperative of the monogamous instinct itself.

The statutes of the law, the canons of the church, the conventions of society, have united their forces in such coercion of the most incorrigible of human instincts that the instinct has been vitiated into strange transmutations of its nature.

One feels impelled to revert to the beginning of the chain of culture and to seek to discover in more elementary forms of human existence, the long lost secret of the monogamous instinct of man.

There is an abundance of testimony recorded in the natural history of marriage to prove that man was once possessed of a monogamous instinct so imperative that it was capable of forming life-long unions of the most idealistic type, actuated solely by the inward impulse and law of nature. But our system of marriage has completely ignored the *inwardness* of marriage—the spirit of marriage—for its outwardness, the form, appearance, and law on marriage until it should not be surprising to find, at last, that marriage is being treated as an automatic relation and a depersonalized state that belongs more to the rights of the community than to the individual.

Nature intended that marriage should be the most individualistic of human acts. Its natural lure was the quest of life-enhancement for two mystics of love who sought a nest together as remote



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as possible from public prying and concern, the primal home—built on a covenant of Two, on a collusion for the exchange of the secrets of Two, a conspiracy of nature against the peace of the community—for the primal passion is as anarchistic as it is mystic.

But our system of marriage has socialized marriage as well as materialized it. Therefore no lure to marriage exists to-day for the mystics of love that will bear the test of their individualism; and when one marries it is rarely with the natural ideal of the nest and of primal passion, but is always with an ideal of the home as sacred, simply and solely because the community has pronounced it so.

Community life—both with animals and man—develops the social qualities and deadens the personal ones. Thus the gregarious animals have become the polygamous ones, and the cultivated sociability of man has developed in his nature its characteristic sex-aberrations. The trend of society has been away from individualism towards communism, and therefore away from the influences for monogamy to the influences for promiscuity. It was the sensitive individualism of the primitive man that made him by nature a monogamist; and it is the sensitive communism of cultured man that has made him by nature a polygamist, by pretense a monogamist, and consequently that which Christ condemned as the most unregenerate of humankind, the hypocrite.

Monogamy was the common state in primitive society of "the lowest people." Many ethnographical writers have agreed upon this now, and disproved the popular idea of primitive promiscuity and communal marriage as a theory of the mythological stage of human intelligence. In primitive society promiscuity and polygamy were the exceptional and unnatural conditions of human relations, brought about by the eventualities of war, established female subjection, the influence of alien civilizations and the degeneracy of the peoples. But the vast majority of savages, primitives and barbarians have been monogamous when living in a state of nature, and when, in later stages, there have been other forms of marriage they have been modified in a monogamous direction. Alfred Russel Wallace says that "The savage is more chaste, more moral and more normal in his sexual rela-

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tions than the civilized being." Neither celibacy nor prostitution, shame, hypocrisy nor obscenity, were factors in the sex-life of the primitive being. By instinct he was a monogamist—like all the higher primates—because he possessed the natural mysticism of sex which made all sex relations and processes appear religious to him.

Even in the monogamous animals, one can not fail to recognize that the mystic or psychic side of sex is as essential and imperative as its physical impulse. Otherwise one could not account for that phenomenon in the vast majority of the lower orders of life, in which generation is restricted to the briefest of seasons and yet the male and female remain together for many seasons or a lifetime. Westermarck thus explains animal monogamy: "The tie which joins male and female is an instinct developed through the powerful influence of *natural selection*."

But there were other influences, more profound and complex, that once preserved the subtle forces of the monogamous instinct in man. In certain studies of primitive society—among the best known those of Westermarck, Frazer and Crawley—there is given a fund of facts about primitive customs and ideas regarding sex which suggests to the mind a new train of surmise in explanation of the failure of monogamy in the higher forms of life.

Obviously the monogamy of the primitive is explained by his mystic attitude to the married relation, but the *means* by which he sought to preserve the spirit of marriage have been overlooked in their significance and direction for monogamy in civilization. The atmosphere deemed essential by the natural man—as intimated by all his ways and ideas and customs—for the spirit of marriage, was one of secrecy, strangeness and sanctity. The primitive regarded his person as sacred, hence the most personal of the relations of life became sacred to him in a way that makes its "sacredness" as exploited by modern society, a word of mockery. In his desire to keep the married relation sacred and apart from all other relations, social, domestic, and material, there was practised in relatively all the monogamous races a more or less elaborate system of suspension of marital rights, taboos in the common home life, and periodic separations of husband and wife—sometimes extending over the space of three or four years

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—which was observed with a religious and mystical scrupulosity. They preserved the " purity of home " by a system of prohibitions against the marital relation taking place within its precincts. Generally " the rendezvous between husband and wife are arranged in the depths of the forest unknown to any but the two," says Ernest Crawley, and giving accumulated instances of this custom he adds: " This principle can be traced right down to the lower animals."

The well known eugenic experiments of Sparta adopted this principle for marriage, and every married couple of that State was enjoined to social secrecy of their union, and husband and wife were forbidden by public sentiment to dwell under the same roof.

Thus the cultivated Greek of Sparta, in the eugenic awakening of his time, became one with the Fijian, described by Wilkes as " the most barbarous and savage race now existing upon the globe," and yet " he possesses such an idea of delicacy in his sex relations that he does not share the same roof with his wife at night."

The veil of modesty and mysticism is bestowed by the child of nature upon that which the child of culture calls " sacred " only when it is familiar and vulgarized. In primitive society the life in common of husband and wife was disapproved of to such a degree that " not merely is the intercourse of husband and wife not practised in the house, but even the performance of ordinary functions, such as eating, is prohibited there as in New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands." Among many existed such superstitions and ideas—that lovers and married people would come to dislike each other by eating from the same plate, or drinking from one glass or biting the same piece of bread, and all such functioning together in the daily material life—that most of them feel under the taboo, which formed the primal etiquette of man. The taboo created an ideal of good manners in the home life of the primitive, but our civilized marriage, without a taboo! is notorious for its bad manners in home life.

But the mystic ideal of the primitive, to hold and preserve the mating-passion apart and sacred from the sordid sacrilege of the home, was most fully expressed in his gradually evolved

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theory of Incest and, later, in the custom of Exogomy which became universal in the whole uncivilized world.

Originally, man, like the animals, had no instinctive aversion, moral prejudice or mental conception of that which we term "incest." The original meaning of "incest" to the primitive was "unchaste." It was by a process of associated ideas and experience that there gradually evolved in the human race the fixed aversion to consanguineous marriage. At certain periods it has been practised by nearly every race, both ancient and modern. The Egyptians and Persians sanctioned marriage between brother and sister, and when the idea existed—mentioned by Æschylus—that the mother was not related to her child, incest was habitually practised by the Arabs, the Jews, the Peruvians and the Greeks. In the earliest stages of the family the sex relations were consanguineous.

But slowly man awakened to the recognition of a certain psychologic effect produced in him by marriage with one in the closeness and kinship of family life. A complex feeling, a subconscious aversion to love and marriage was realized as existing between the male and female who had been raised together or were in continuous contact in the same home. Hence arose the convention in all primitive society that "it is indecent for housemates to intermarry." Upon this *aversion* of *nature* was founded the primitive theory of incest, the primitive practice of Exogamy (marriage with a woman foreign to the clan, tribe or locality) and the primitive taboo of the sexual relation in the home. The primitive observed the workings of nature to guide his conduct and laws of love and marriage, and as a mystical monogamist found the essential lure for the union of the sexes and the glamour of the life of spirit and senses, in secretiveness, strangeness and sanctity.

But civilized man in his mania to cultivate monogamy—for the sake of woman!—has gone contrary to all the workings of nature, so precious and binding upon the monogamous natural man. In the first place, our civilized, or pseudo-Christian, system of marriage has been founded upon an unnatural, impossible assumption, an idealized sham-miracle, a negation of the person

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in love and marriage itself, upon the Oneness of the Spirit and the Flesh of the Married!

Whether or not any man or woman has ever been stupid enough to accept this doctrine with the faith once enjoined for a similar doctrine of the Eucharist, it has actually served to create an attitude to marriage which permeates the whole institution and our laws and customs even to this contemporary day of realism in thought and literature. One part of the ideal—the Oneness of the Spirit of the Married—has been surrendered as unessential,—since too easily disproved in the divorce court—but the other part—the Oneness of the Flesh of the Married—has been preserved and observed in all the ritualisms of society and the home.

As soon as a man and woman marry—perhaps propelled by the primal dream of home as the nest of seclusion and privacy—they are at once thrust into a realization of the appalling publicity of their Home Performance. Public opinion and sentiment of the sacred are immediately involved in the existence of that home, keenly concerned about keeping that home together, regardless of the will or fancies of its inmates. The System and Society demand of the fated ones that they shall perform together in this home all the imperative functions which create the appearance and results of marriage:—eating and drinking and sleeping and breeding and going out together, always together, the Two as One, an eternal Togetherness without a solitary Taboo!

Our Home Performance seems deliberately designed to bring about, to increase, to multiply and to sanctify that which was most shunned and exorcised from the marriage relation by the primitive being, the Aversion. The aversion of nature which condemned the state in which it existed as an unholy, unnatural, or incestuous union of primal man and woman.

And how has the human being become entrenched in such a state of life against all the wholesome instincts of human nature? One may well ask.

The sources and evolution are so remote and devious that it supplies but a crude answer to reply, as one must, that the most

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striking characteristics of modern marriage have been brought about by the mediæval ideals and Dogmatism of Marriage.

At one time man believed in martyrdom as his means and grace of personal morality and salvation. In the Christian era of human evolution, man was so intent upon making himself and his woman miserable in this mundane sphere, that he accepted the ecclesiastical mind's version of sex and turned against all the values of life which nature had provided for the human being in love and marriage. The Church pronounced marriage a state of sin. For twelve long centuries the Church thundered against the sinfulness of marriage, just as it now thunders against the sinfulness of divorce. Man, a religious animal, believed that marriage was a state of sin, and respected, accordingly, only celibacy. Yet, alas! for human nature, marriage waxed so popular with its glamour as a state of sin, and persisted so defiantly as a civil contract, dissoluble, and denounced by the ultra-Respectable of that day—that the Church finally recognized the expediency of taking under its control a state it could not prevent, and thereupon performed a volte-face and issued the Dogma of marriage as a Sacrament.

Thus the Church obtained its absolutism over the most vital of human relations. By the sixteenth century the Church had discovered that here—in marriage—was an ideal mode in this world for man's expiation for sex and for woman's Eternal Punishment. As the result of this recognition—and thus tardily,—the Church bestowed the religious ceremony upon marriage, the Council of Trent pronounced it a Divine institution, and simultaneously it was secured as a Divine Martyrdom by the pronouncement upon it of the Dogma and Law of Indissolubility.

Humanity then became so thoroughly miserable in marriage that a Martin Luther finally arose for its deliverance and precipitated the Reformation in his undertaking to destroy the false idealism and sadistic sacramentalism that destroyed human happiness in marriage. Succeeding so well, indeed, that no one believes today in the ecclesiastical interpretation of marriage, either as a state of sin or a state of holiness. Marriage at last stands on a human basis, unassailed by the Powers of the past, though

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pervaded still with the past ideals of morality: morality as martyrdom.

Here is the crux of the modern problem. The issue between the old and the new ideals of life and of what constitutes morality in marriage. The old ideal of life made the virtues of marriage consist in the qualities of endurance, abnegation, self-suppression and self-sacrifice, a sort of vicarious atonement of self to the species. But the new ideal of life has made the virtues of marriage consist in the qualities of love, harmony, self-fulfilment and self-creation,—as the only values in marriage for the individual or the race.

The new morality is the natural morality, defined once by Cicero, when he said that virtue was but nature carried out to its utmost. Today it has come into our life and thought because of the sensitive individualism of the highly-organized modern which makes him more akin to the savage in temperament than to the civilized being. Extremes can meet; and the vantage of hope in civilization today is the perception that worlds of culture have passed over us and left most of us potentially primitive still.

The best of humanity are now more primitive in nature than Christianized. Therefore mysticism has reappeared in our needs for the human relations, sexual and social, and man and woman both demand in marriage that which the most individualistic of modern peoples, the Americans, endeavored to guarantee to humanity in all its institutions—Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

Each individual marriage must survive the test of this standard, to survive at all, but the test has not yet been applied to the System of Marriage, which stands englamoured by tradition, and supported by all the forces of contemporary Phariseeism even in the New World. But the day is coming when the Americans will apply to this entrenched system the same revolutionary principles of the Rights of Man with which they once upset so many other Systems just as rooted, respectable and Roman.

Already the practicing is preceding the preaching, for there is forming in our midst the silent forerunners of what has been prophesied as the "aristocracy of the future," Celibacy. Celi-

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bacy has again become an ideal as a protest against the sham idealism of the marriage system.

A few months ago the press was vociferous over one sign of this social phenomenon, as revealed by a report of the Census, that in the United States there are seventeen million celibates, of the matrimonially desirable age, and in the number an excess of a million more female celibates than male. In a country where there is still a preponderance of males this seemed unaccountable. "Why don't they marry?" became a popular query, and removed the musty marriage problem from the closets of the Academics and the cellars of the Anarchists into the open discussion of democratic society.

Social observation reveals the character of this growing aristocracy as being formed of the best of humanity, the gifted, educated, attractive and spiritually-minded of the Americans. If not celibates in actual life, they are decidedly so in principle. Celibacy appeals to them because it is seen in the glamour of an atmosphere of freedom; and, to a modern, freedom is the only power that can cast a glamour over anything today. Once marriage was given the glamour of secrecy by the primitive, once it was given the glamour of sin by the Christian, and today a glamour is gathering about Celibacy as a Golden Guild composed of the workers, charmers and mystics in modern life.

Marriage, divested of all natural morality, appears to these aristocrats as the supreme immorality. Marriage has become immoral through its denial of the spirit and worship of the letter of marriage; immoral through its property rights over person; immoral through its sacrifice of the sanctity of the individual and the race to the pseudo-sanctity belonging to a mythical thaumaturgy—a lie, which if true would mean but a miracle of consanguinity, converting the Two of Marriage into the flesh and bone of the One of Incest.

That is why, when a man marries, it is, as a rule, from the outer instead of the inner motives and promptings. The monogamous instinct is dead or degenerate in the average man, so that marriage has become a communal act on the part of the male. The common motives that prevail with a man are the material ones, of marriage for money or social position, for a

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hostess of a palace or a housekeeper for a hovel, for a stepmother for previous offspring, or a mother for desired heirs, for a personal attendant in invalidism or a caretaker for old age,—or if idealistic and a supporter of the System, a man will marry merely for the respectability of the performance, for Home as man's visible pledge of reform and landmark of the Family Tie.

At the present time, it is only the social idealism of the home that enables it to serve as a lure to marriage. Formerly, it was frankly materialized and the old-fashioned man used to marry chiefly for the creature comforts of home life. But the improvements of club-life, hotel-life and bachelor apartments, have changed all this; and no man marries today for the superior material gratifications once provided by the separate home. Man now desires freedom and personal rights in his private existence and these can only be secured by the celibate mode of existence. The press and the divorce court in modern life have signally exposed the home of marriage as the most public of all institutions, a mere housetop, as it were, from which everything that takes place therein may be shouted on some terrible, ever possible day.

Man has become too mystical and individualistic to incur with deliberation the rough experience of home life. Privacy and personal rights are a mockery in the typical home atmosphere; an atmosphere deadening to life with its enforced intimacies, destructive to dreams with its cares and clamors and collisions of raw temperament. Today no bachelor is pitied, in society, for his homelessness and no married man is pitied for his childlessness. To ask man to support this home by the sweat of his brow is demanding from his nature that which the home has destroyed, the primal instincts. The nest has ended as the cage.

Caged animals, as every naturalist knows, lose the wholesome instincts that guided them in freedom and were preservative of their own life and that of their race. Thus race-suicide and the perversion of instincts become nature's revenge in the cage. Apply the same knowledge to our cage homes of marriage, and it makes comprehensible the modern "aversion to

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the child"—a familiar comment—and the strange manners and morals that distinguish domesticated life.

Another contributory cause to man's loss of the monogamous instinct through marriage is found in the System's ideal of the Wife of home. Let us recall that monogamy was natural to man only when he expressed both sides of his sex nature, the psychic and physical, in a love marriage with another human being—a human being ever provocative in her separateness and freedom to escape!—and it makes comprehensible, also, why the ideal Wife and Mother—made by man into the most fixed, secured and familiar of all living embodiments—is ever desired as a part of the idealism of the home, but rarely, if ever, represents the personal idealism of the man himself. Therefore the modern male takes his licensed-for-life marriage, incidentally, as a social duty at its best, and desires represented therein chiefly the social ideals.

Man respects the ideal of the wife too sincerely and solemnly ever to entertain for her such a socially damaging thing as passion, primal or otherwise. If it exists—as it does sometimes in certain simple naïve souls—sufficiently to have furnished a natural motive for the stern fatality of marriage, it is soon extinguished by the atmosphere of the home. The monogamous savage loved his nest for its secretiveness, loved his rendezvous for its strangeness, loved his mate for her foreign looks and ways, for her little taboos and mystery of sacred selfhood. But none of these primal elements are garnered into the atmosphere of the home for the safeguarding of the modern male. Marriage is the licensed violation of the selfhood of man and woman.

Everything capricious, charming and chary, the coquetry of the soul itself luring man on to infinities of search—has been lost in marriage by its system of compulsion for making Two live in the gross corporeality of One. Man does not really love his own flesh and bones. His whole existence—from the beginning of time—is recorded by his efforts to get away from the materialism of himself into the freedom and infinities of art and creation. Surely the initial mistake in our system of marriage was the rapt cynicism of making the creative relation of man a Sacred Consanguinity; for nature makes incest sterile.

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In marriage man finds not his mate but his housemate. She whom the savage said "it is indecent to marry," she who lives in a relation signifying all the in-laws and blood-ties and spiritual consanguinities to her housemate. Consequently the modern man as husband develops affection for his wife (she symbolizes so much to him!), family affection, but passion becomes to him as something quite outside the family circle.

Family life has degraded the primal passion in man. In the purity of the sacred home atmosphere, he develops a positive aversion. The very word "passion" comes to shock paterfamilias and all the impurity that mediævalism attached to sex, flourishes in the thoughts of the family circle, so that the marital relation therein appears as something incredible and indecent, a relation for a gumshoeing obscenity. It is necessary to note that the recent exposures to the family circle of the existence of the Social Evil, outside their door, also informed them of the amazing fact that the clientele of the social evil is chiefly composed of the married man, and the man of position and family.

It is fortunate for the System that the married man soon loses all desire for his mate in captivity. In this way the home atmosphere is rendered virtually sexless and "pure," and as the type of woman chosen by sophisticated man for the ideal wife is usually the woman of sexual anæsthesia (another pathological result of civilization) this enables the Family Life to be honest, at least, in what it pretends to be, a Symbol of Social Purity, a public monument to the Monogamy of Man.

As such it has become more compatible to the acquired tastes of modern man than to those of woman. Woman, more primitive, is less satisfied with the objective material side of marriage and regards it with the feminine viewpoint, subjectively. With man, more civilized, hence more mechanical in his relations than woman—the natural impulses for the married relation are no longer essential. In fact marriage most amply gratifies some of his cultivated instincts, the communal and proprietorial instincts, for instance. And therein consists its hold on the nature of man today. Undeniably it has a hold, unreasoning, blind and mysterious as instinct. Statistics prove it. In Bailey's book on "Modern Social Conditions," he gives these figures of the matrimonial-

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ity of men and women, according to Canderlier's method of computation, and taken from a representative state of the United States where the sexes are quite equally distributed. "There are nearly a thousand more females than males marrying for the *first* time" but "73 widowers and divorced males remarry to 15 widows and divorcees" and "more than twice as many men as women are contracting a third marriage and more than five times as many a fourth."

Conclusively, these statistics show how the system and appearances of marriage survive with man—as a *habit.*

Woman is less easily explained in her new aristocracy of celibacy. We have been told for so long that marriage was made for woman, that it was her boon and bonanza, her Glory, her only excuse for living and her arch-performance for the sake of the permanency of the human race, that it is curious and inexplicable to find her now deserting her smug sphere with her very first breath of freedom.

But the world has always had its suspicions about woman in relation to its System of marriage. So much so, indeed, so profoundly distrustful have been all the Powers of civilization, State, Church and Society, that they have conspired with superb success to hold woman in her natural place—without a glimmering chance for the wantonness of escape.

Surely it is stale and superfluous in these plethoric days of feminism to review the many methods once employed by the system for the coercion of the female to marriage and for her captivity therein. The old ways and means are familiarly known now; the closing of careers, professions, the higher education, the social taboos on the old maid and the free woman, and the myriad forms of convention and ban and suspicion of the original sin of womanhood which made woman so pre-eminently the husband-hunter, the match-maker, the woman of marriage in the past.

And having secured her successfully as the woman of marriage, society proceeded to make her pay a price for the privileges of matrimony that would have been fatal to the system to have exacted for the male. She paid with the surrender of her name, domicile, fortune and human right to wage, she paid with

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her free-will of person in marriage and maternity, she paid with the entire personality of woman, in short, for the marriage of the past, in which the female of the species was forced to exist as an insensible machine of procreation for the supporters of the system. In the sacred name of Marriage, woman has been made to exist as a human being without the human rights of will, freedom and experience, to live as a wife without the passion or senses of a wife, to become a mother without the desire or dream of the child, to remain forever the senseless martinet of the cage that symbolizes to modern Phariseeism the sanctity of its ideals. It is not surprising that the free woman of today bears a grudge against marriage.

Our system of marriage has robbed woman of her primal right of "natural selection," the Creator's gift to the female of the species which elects her as nature's vestal of the flame of life. When a woman loves, her soul and body become the meeting place for all the forces of creation. A woman in love becomes the child, the savage and the genius of nature. A woman in love —how sublime, absurd, tragic, foolish, divine and pitiful she is. Humanity's link with the Unborn; woman would be lost in the infinities of her nature, if nature had not cared so richly for her own and provided woman's instinct to guide her in the chaos of the primal passion. Thus woman remains impregnably sound, intuitive, exacting and selective in the bestowal of her love, for she knows, instinctively, that when she gives *herself* she gives everything: the nature of humanity itself to be moulded through her being. And unto what hands of man woman hath delivered herself through man's system of marriage!

The awakening of woman has been with the dawning realization of her great loss, humanity's great loss, through the surrender of herself in marriage. Instinctively, blindly, and with mystic savagery, woman is now groping about the cosmos of human affairs in search of woman's birthright again. Herself! That is all, and everything. But for *this*—there may have to come another Luther as a leader of men, an Apostle of Nature, powerful enough to upset the world in another Reformation of Marriage.

It is no wonder that marriage in its present form of undis-

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guised materialism does not appeal to the superior woman. Its old-fashioned lure as a means of self-preservation from the suspicion and stones of society, or as a means of livelihood, on its lowest possible terms, subsistence subject to the will of the master, has no longer any charm for her. The self-supporting woman of modern conditions has too clearly revealed the true status of the "supported" wife. "Life-long support" on the terms of life-long-marriage cannot entice any woman capable of self-support, and therefore of self-respect. Woman's "support" in marriage is not given on the self-respecting basis that the sensitive modern requires in the economic sphere of his or her existence. Even the mercenary woman is no longer attracted by the system's honied utterance "with all my worldly goods I thee endow" at the altar, since she, too, has come to realize that woman is made to ask, beg, wheedle, extort or blackmail her keeper for a part of these worldly goods upon the hearth. Without any economic value placed upon woman's services in the home, they have become to her slave services, ignominious services without a gain for power or esteem as in all services outside the home; and yet these are the primal services of woman, economically, and her most essential contribution to the world's work. When woman was being idealized as the Wife of Man, her pauperization in the home seemed necessary to the system to keep her married; and when the fierce fight was waged over the Married Woman's Property Act it was opposed on the grounds that it would at once destroy the home (divorce laws have always been opposed on the same grounds) for it seemed inconceivable to the mind of those days that woman would remain voluntarily in the home if she possessed any means of escape.

Today woman has discovered that she can escape from marriage and from the home, but she still continues to marry, and of her own free will. She reveals, in fact, a strong bias in favor of marriage—as statistics show—when it is a *first* marriage. Marriage does not hold woman as a habit as it holds man, but it still entices her as an experiment. She refuses to consider it as a means of livelihood, the one *modus vivendi* of the old-fashioned woman, but it appeals to her now as a means of self-realization. Woman, proverbially curious, wants to know

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the mysteries of life and marriage has been contrived by the system as The Great Mystery to woman. The asterisks of literature on the subject, the secrecies of society, the purity of the home, the Comstockery of American life,—all for the sake of the young girl!—contrive to excite her mind with such a sense of mystery that she becomes eager, with Eve-like eagerness, before the forbidden knowledge and fairly precipitates herself into her first marriage. But with knowledge and maturity woman becomes averse, statistically recorded, to the second, third, fourth and fifth marriage, as compared to man.

This does not imply, necessarily, disenchantment for a woman in marriage, it is merely indicative of a discovery she makes, through the experience of marriage, that woman's higher forms of self-realization can only be attained outside of marriage. For it is only the unmarried woman, in the conditions of modern life, who is permitted the right to self-realization and the indulgence of a personality. As the young girl in America, the self-supporting woman or the society celibate, woman is granted a perfect social leeway to create herself as she desires to be. She can come and go as she pleases, she can give and take in charm and contact with all humanity, and—most dazzling license of all!—unmarried, woman remains free from the Suspicion that has been ever attendant upon her Sex, the Suspicion that has haunted the world since the fall from Eden, the Suspicion that birthmarks every female with the blush of shame,—the suspicion as to the existence or non-existence of her one and only "virtue," the great negative virtue as the Ideal virtue of the monogamously cultivated female. And it is the freedom from this suspicion in celibacy that has made it such a glamorous state of life to the modern woman.

It is only in an atmosphere of freedom that one can develop a natural, wholesome, or magnetic personality. The psychological results of woman's new-found freedom are revealed in the splendid human qualities and dynamic personalities which have made the womanhood of America renowned in the four quarters of the globe. For instance the young girl in America, free from the chaperonage and suspicion that dogs her hours and days in the Old World, has made of herself a personality with an interna-

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tional prestige for vividness and charm; the widow and divorcee of this country, who in independence becomes so shy of marriage, is so far-famed for sheer liveliness of personality that she serves to make marriage, *her* marriage, appear as a great success after all, to naïve maidens; and the self-supporting celibate, in her freedom, is undoubtedly the aristocrat among American women, for she is envied, aped and respected by them all for her distinguished capability, refinement and selective power in love. Of late the custom is growing for a woman who has become a personality in public life or interest, to retain her maiden name and to keep her marriage and private life as secret as possible: the supreme compliment to woman's new glorification of celibacy.

On the other hand, everybody, the public, the pastors of the flocks, Mrs. Grundy, and all the Argus eyes of Peacock Alley, suspect and watch the married woman. As wife, the American woman is chaperoned by society, as though all society were in some secret service of the marriage System and fearful lest the female escape. As soon as a woman becomes the Wife of Man she falls under suspicion if she goes forth unaccompanied by her one man, she falls under suspicion in every relation of friendship and companionship with any man other than the licensed One, she falls under suspicion if she appears lively and pleasure-loving, charming and a natural free-self, and most of all she falls under suspicion if she is of the advanced sisterhood type and wants to vote on the Marriage and Divorce laws of the nation.

The charm of society consists in its freedom of contact with diversified personalities that stir the mysticism of spirit and sense with the lure of their strangeness and the glamour of their secret life. But the marriage system will not brook the charms of social freedom in the stern lot of the married. Thus the convention is established that man and wife must be seen together in society in order that everybody may behold their togetherness, their indissoluble Fate, their eternal couplement of the Two as One. It simplifies matters for the charming celibates of society thus to segregate the married apart from the rest of humankind. So convention demands that the married couple must always be seen in public together, must be invited to the same functions, visit the same houses, make the same

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friends, share the same affinities and tastes and experiences and contacts of life until there is no escape for the married from each other, even in the hour of worldliness, and everything seems calculated with the sinister intent of preventing the married couple from ever again developing any of the strangeness, secrets, and sacredness of self, which formed the fatal lure that originated their marriage. A brilliant much-sought bachelor girl was asked recently why she had never married, and replied, " Because of the Siamese-twin ideal of marriage in Society." Wells remarks upon marriage as being a sort of social cleavage that divides people off into couples watching each other. The suspicion and espionage that accompany our proprietorial form of marriage, deliberately cultivates a spawn of repellent characteristics in human nature: conceit, jealousy, exaction, distortion of motives, and the many mean traits of petty self-aggression that are licensed as the good manners and good morals of the married.

Special exceptions are arranged for man in the social system that permit him to escape from his marriage, in resuscitating periods of work and play, and this is another reason why man endures and survives marriage with an impunity not yet gained by woman. But woman can not escape from her marriage except through divorce; therefore divorce is often resorted to, when she simply needs a holiday from the marital atmosphere. The atmosphere so sickening to a healthy soul with its airs of exclusion and enclosure, of stagnation and stalemate. Convention demands that the wife of man shall wear a badge on her finger and a tag to her name so that none can mistake her in public or private, for other than the wife of man. Her wedding ring is her symbol of security in every man's respect. It is a little omnipresent family circle in whose atmosphere the married woman must sit—forever cut off from all the enlarging contacts and experiences of life, sit in sacredness and loneliness, a composite being of Fakir, Hen and Saint.

In thus eliminating the rights of personality from marriage, the system has succeeded in eliminating all the grace and play in the relation of the sexes; for neither mysticism nor courtship can exist in an atmosphere surcharged with captivity. The omission of the primal needs of man, woman, and child from the

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marriage relation, makes it seem as though the creators and supporters of the system, the dogmatists, moralists, rigorists, sacramentalists and Pharisees, must be people unendowed by nature with any of the qualifications that could attract and hold another by the might of personality alone. On the face of it, the marriage system seems to have been arranged exclusively for the benefit of the people who never should have been allowed to marry: the defective, ugly, decrepit, unhealthy or sadistic. The system has made marriage and its progeny *unæsthetic;* whereas Nature planned the subtle functioning of soul with sense for love and marriage as a master means to form and consummate human beings in an atmosphere of æstheticism.

Although woman in her modern phase is revealing herself as so shockingly natural, so primitive and savage and wholly feminine, that she is bent upon a Renaissance of Nature in the World's affairs, yet, strange to say, her enemies and detractors and Anti's are holding her up for condemnation as an example of the *unnatural* woman; woman demoralized by freedom because freedom has enabled her to become so selective in her sexual life that she prefers celibacy to an unnatural marriage and sterility to an unnatural maternity. Here is the amazing revelation in woman today: she has survived all the systems of civilization to make her unnatural, automatic, false and Ideal, and appears at last before the world in an ultimate triumph of Herself!

Freedom is feared for woman, more than anything else, because supposed to be especially perilous to the monogamous instinct of woman, set in her solitaire "Virtue." But marriage without freedom has deadened or destroyed the monogamous instinct in both man and woman to such a degree that there is left only one really convincing proof of its atavistic existence in woman's nature. Strange to say, it is the prostitute that proves the reality of a monogamous instinct in woman, for she—to whom society accords freedom with shame—possesses a quality of loyalty to some one male, her "owner," "slaver," or "lover," despite her physical traffic of self, a loyalty so tenacious and unreasoning it can only be explained as the psychic instinct of monogamy, ineradicable, deep-rooted and ever-recurrent in

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woman. In the psychology of the prostitute is discovered, also, the realities of certain marital virtues long supposed to be specialities of the ideal Wife of man: self-sacrifice, fawning devotion and divine forgiveness for the male despite his every abuse, injury and infidelity.

But the aristocratic celibate—who refuses to prostitute herself either in freedom or marriage,—the selective sensitive individualist—so prevalent in modern life—is she to be permitted to escape marriage—seeing that marriage of some sort or other is indispensable for the recruitment of the race? The new woman, without a doubt, possesses the highest of eugenic values, therefore the sacrifice of convention, prejudice and tradition seems a small price to pay in order to reform marriage along some lines in conformance with the freedom-loving modern nature. Since it is so evident that we need systems at this stage of human progress, then, I would suggest that we inaugurate a new and life-enhancing system for the sake of marriage and the married. An established system, in the social life, which will guarantee to the wedlocked couple a certain amount of statutory holidays from the common home and common life, compulsory separations in public, prohibitions upon all open performances of togetherness, conventional self-exhibitions minus ring and other insignia of the conjugal state, and in the domestic interior itself an established etiquette of taboos, and suspension of conjugal rights—legally, religiously or voluntarily imposed—which inevitably will form a fresh atmosphere for married life in which personality can be made to appear so sacred and free that marriage will be undertaken and borne as lightly and gracefully as a secret sin. This would be the first great step towards the dematerialization of marriage.

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# MODERN AMERICAN PAINTERS—AND WINSLOW HOMER

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

ANY person who has ever received an emotion from a piece of visual art cannot help being moved by some one of the American canvases on view at the Montross Gallery. Here one finds examples of nearly every modern school or tendency, from English academism to Synchromism, from German symbolism to Manet. Many well-known American artists are represented, many artists also who are just beginning to become known, and—better still—two new artists whose efforts, while incomplete and, in the case of the younger, tentative, stand well in advance, æsthetically, of any work to be seen thus far this year in a New York exhibition. However, the great majority of pictures here on view are, as usual, mediocre or bad. Such works greet us in the guise of old friends of many years of picture viewing. There are portraits which are so similar to hundreds we have seen all over Europe that we do not even pause to note the author, but accept them as inevitable. Then there are the disciple canvases which fall just short of the conclusive disguise necessary to hoodwink us into thinking them the work of some eminent European. About such works there always seems to hang a sombre melancholy, an atmosphere of discouraging regret, a weakness and incompetency. They would appear to have taken, at one leap, the three steps to utter decadence, so hated by Taine—first, becoming a school tradition, then falling to the level of an academic formula, and, last, arriving at a studio recipe. There is something factory-built about them; they possess the veneer which does not cover the under layer, and they attest to a sureness which proclaims a great ease but whispers a dread doubt.

Besides the work of these obvious and direct disciples, there are pictures of other imitators who, being less honest, combine in one canvas the distinguishing traits of two or more masters, and set up shop as original and personal craftsmen. Still again, we find the works of artists, sometimes pitiful, sometimes ludi-



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crous, who constantly change their inspiration so that, when they expose several canvases, we find divers and differentiated imitations of many great painters. With such men one can have little sympathy. They consciously imitate, because they are without the vitalizing spark of originality. But there is another group of disciples who emulate, not consciously, but because every good painter, in his evolution, passes through all forms of art: when he comes to the brink of his own capabilities he ceases second-hand copying. During his passage he has resembled many men, but he uses their means only as stepping-stones to his own final achievement.

Undoubtedly this is the case with several of the men exposing here. Indeed, it is true of the greatest part of American art. The only danger in such tendencies is that the painter, in reproducing the exterior of a master's work, is prone to be satisfied with the *aspect* of his canvases without endeavoring to go deeper into their anatomy. Of such painters there are hundreds, and it is a sad spectacle to witness them selling their works, while other men, who strive toward a greater profundity, remain obscure and are only occasionally appreciated.

Sheeler is now passing through a stage which gives promise of good work. In him one may trace various European influences—Delaunay, the daintier side of Cubism, Matisse in the application of his paint; and one finds, too, generalizing lines delineating volumes, which might have been inspired by Cézanne's water-colors. Withal, it is a healthy and promising tendency. Sheeler's chief need is for some definite hand to direct his æsthetic impulses, a guidance toward composition in its rhythmic sense. Obviously, he is striving to escape the tyranny of objectivity, but fears to take the final leap into abstraction, not feeling sufficiently sure of his desires to preconize his direction. He cannot learn rhythm by studying either Matisse or Delaunay, for both these men are without it. He should go to Rubens or Michelangelo or El Greco, the source of all great composition and the foundation on which is built the whole structure of the new impulse to great order. Sheeler's landscape is balanced well and savantly, but it lacks that third dimension of depth which is the starting-point of all significant art work.

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Of Schamberg's landscape there is little to say. It appears to be inspired by Sheeler's canvases, and is of little importance. His drawing, however, is much better than the drawing of the former. It has better balance and is less reminiscent of the aforementioned influences. *The Fête* by Nankivell, and the paintings of Pach, are both insignificant and uninteresting. The first seems to possess the impress of the Cubists: on a wholly worthless and academic drawing are superimposed Cubist mannerisms somewhat in the manner of Davies. Pach has two works totally dissimilar as to style—one obviously inspired by what one might call the Cassis School of painters who stemmed from Cézanne; and the other, by Delaunay. I have always held that Orphism and Simultaneism are merely extended Impressionism, and it is therefore interesting to find in the foreground of this Orphist work a large bed of geraniums in Monet's best manner.

Grossman has a landscape, Cézannesque like many others, but nevertheless capable work, although there is no indication of Cézanne in its composition. This might have been done by any one of many French painters—Guérin, Manguin, Puy, Lebasque, for instance. Grossman's work reveals a paucity of penetrating study and too much satisfaction with effects as such. The portraits of Speicher are merely good school studies. In the *Académie Russe* and the *Académie Modèrne* there are many works by departed students, which are as good as these. The real Cézanne motif is conspicuous by its absence, and the only excuse for naming the great Aixois in connection with Speicher is found in the purely technical handling of the man's beard and blouse. These works are solidly painted, but they produce insensitive effects, and are little better than the Bellows child portrait. Personally, I prefer—if preference there be—the portrait of Davey, as English and sentimentally soft as it is.

Bellows himself is represented by two works, of which the landscape is the better. He hails from the Henri and Manet tradition, and is a competent craftsman of the swashbuckler variety. The big brush stroke and the hasty and vivacious drawing, made so popular by Sargent, have nearly died out of all nations save America and England. They are little more than

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a trick of the wrist, and had interest for us only before the intellect began to play such a large part in painting. But in this country they are now at their heyday, and among their devotees Bellows is one of the most conspicuous. I have seen some charming drawings by this illustrator, which far surpass his oil works. His present portrait might have been done by Castellucho of the *Académie de la Grande Chaumière,* who for years has done work which excels in its particular field of slashing pigment application. If we do not criticize these pictures from the highest standards of art, we can accord them much praise, because the *métier* has been learned, and, as far as these painters have gone, they can juggle their means with ease and fluency.

Perrine's pictures have the true "poetic touch." In them we can read the lessons of Monticelli, Whistler, Flandrin and Bonnard. They are charming phantasies, and would serve well as soporific interior decorations. When one says poetic, one says English; and Perrine's canvases might have been done by a more virile and more poetic Lavery. In the same vein, but less interesting, is the picture by Dow, *The Cliff Under the Sea.* The work of Friedman, Lathrop, Kramer and Tucker fall readily under the head of Impressionism. Friedman is more careful and conscientious than Tucker, but Tucker is a better painter. They both surpass Kramer, whose *Afternoon Rapture* looks like a lugubrious Monet.

In Stella's work there is little to attract attention. The landscape is of the Cassis contingent, reminiscent of Lebasque and Manguin, while the still-life, an old work, is a pale Matisse. The decadence and weakness of all modern Italian art is conspicuous in these two works; and his colored drawings are in the same class. Stella is an artist with a small amount of talent and with no apparent ability to construct or organize. Ullman, decorative and dainty, believes in female lightness of touch and the sketchy nonchalance of water-colorism. His landscape brings to mind the works of Harpignies painted by a modern lady of quality as a pastime. Maurer is an offshot of Matisse and Bonnard, and succeeds in attracting the eye. Du Bois is represented by two frames entirely different, both reminiscent of Forain, Steinlen and a host of society painters with which every *Salon d'Automne*

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is replete. Milne and Miller you either like or not. There is no particular reason why one should do either. Still-lives like those of Preston and Brinley have been seen in force at every *Salon des Indépendants* in Paris for the last eight years.

Walther's *Symphonic Poem in Blue* expresses a desire with no ability behind it. This painter no doubt has tried to be significantly abstract, but in his picture there is neither balance nor organization. The color is repugnant and metallic, and the forms superficial. It is far better to make one's approach toward ultra-modernity slowly, so that one may learn *en route* the reasons underlying it, than to plunge from the sloughs of the art school into the wallows of amorphism. The *Symphonic Poem in Blue* is a distinguished example of how little even painters understand the fundamental motivations of the intransigency in art during the past seven or eight years. Sterne is another example of a painter who misunderstands the reasons for modernity. He has a number of drawings which, at first sight, appear to be influenced profoundly by the simplifications of recent years, but which, on closer inspection, prove to be only the disguised bodies of school "maps." Sterne recalls, at times, the pseudo-synthetic silhouettes of Gauguin; at others, the spuriously radical forms of Manguin. Indeed, he belongs pre-eminently to that group of painters who expose in relays at Druet's Gallery in the Rue Royale, and who always have two irons in the fire—the desire to appear new (so as to meet the taste of those buyers who are radically inclined), and a desire to please the reactionaries by employing the "right" drawing and recognizable objects so dear to the schoolmaster and the dilettante. Some years ago a painter called Lhote (since become a Cubist) made some drawings with thick lines and heavy forms, and became well-known through them. In these drawings were the *soi-disant* simplifications begun by Ingres and Degas, now too familiar to need description. With Lhote they indicated the first step toward Cubism—that is, toward angularity—and a sincere searching for the salient constructive forms of his model. With Sterne the broad line is a proclamation of strength and virility, the inability of the Titan to thread a needle. Their stiff and static appearance lends bulk and hardness and solidity, because it makes

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his figures look like wood. The lack of finesse, Sterne presumably thinks, gives his work an appearance of having grasped only the essentials:—the rhythmic beauties of the human form he ignores. The worst one can say of his work is that it lacks utterly all sensitiveness to organized form. It is spurious art—not even so good drawing as that of Dethomas who claims to be only an illustrator. Sterne would do well to step into the first room and study the sculpturesque order of the drawing of Benton, or to look at some of Cézanne's water-colors until he feels their virility come out and engulf him. Better still, let him pore over a slight Michelangelo or a Rubens. Even a man so slight as a Rodin realizes the importance of constructing the forms of the human figure from the inside outward, namely: by feeling the rhythmic interlacing and shifting of muscles, out of which process grows, as a casual result, the silhouette. No one, save a master who knows the order of bodily construction, can, by line, make a significant drawing. One can make charming or dainty or heavy or synthetic bodies like boxes or scaffolding, drawn on a plan or by a system; but only he who has sounded the depths of intelligent artistic anatomy can, with a thin or thick line on a material of two dimensions, express a volume which moves in three dimensions.

I come now to the most pleasurable part of this article—the speaking of two men new to the public, men who promise excellent things, one in landscape, the other in figure orders and abstract compositions. Some painters in the exhibition I have deliberately omitted from my text. Some I have taken to task for lack of originality, forgetting, for the moment, that all men cannot be great enough to open new fields of æsthetic endeavor. As a whole, the exhibition is good: some of the work is as good as the average work of European galleries; and several of the painters give promise of outstripping their present inspiration. Others—a few—seem immured in the mire of eternal discipledom. But this is as it has always been, for no exhibition in the world has brought to light thirty-two significant painters synchronously. That there are two in the Montross exhibit is a record for America, and one of which Mr. Montross may justly be proud.

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First, I would speak of Of. He has two oils, two pastels, and a water-color, the first four cataloguable among the best and most purely artistic efforts that America has produced. Here is a man who paints like Renoir, but whose efforts, singularly enough, are motivated by the inspiration of Cézanne. From the standpoint of color alone, they are beautiful; but after one has stood before them for a while, the colors begin a shifting process —they are no longer colors, but volumes which take their place in the picture naturally, easily and beautifully. This, with Of, is a conscious or unconscious following in the footsteps of the greatest modern artists who look for causes rather than effects, and who make actual pigment inspire us subjectively, as nature does visibly. In Of can be read a lesson by those men who see only the mannerism of the great, and who think that, in achieving the great man's surface, they have sounded his depths. As well claim to have explored the floor of the ocean by watching the ripples on the surface. The technique of Cézanne is not a trick, nor is it a habit or a pose. It is the inevitable result of far-reaching researches in the dynamics of nature's color translated into pigment—the result of intellectual achievement made visible through tactile application. In the misapprehension of this patent fact lies most of the smug complacency of second-rate painters. Of has made no such mistake. His technique appears natural, a result of profound convictions. His *Hillside* is one of the few canvases done by an American that I would care to hang in my collection. It grows on one, because there is depth to the painter's inspiration. His still-life is sensitive and solidly constructed. The old water-color, despite its superannuated effect, has interest and artistry. There is but one quality that Of lacks, a quality which, did he have it, would place him at the head of all American landscapists; and this is the quality which Cézanne had in such superlative degree—namely: a sense of rhythmic order. When Of achieves this, even simply, a high place will be assured him in the annals of this country's art.

The order of which I speak is manifested in Benton's work, the second of the new discoveries brought to light by this show. Here is an artist who, despite all the angularities and cubes and symphonic poems of the others present, shows the most modern

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tendency of the month. His figure organization is exactly what its name implies—an organization of male nudes brought together harmoniously, solidly, even rhythmically, irrespective of the human appeal or the flesh tints beloved by the amateur. The picture is painted in pure colors, according to the tactile significance of color zones, and, as a consequence, is the most solid bit of work on view at the gallery. It is a small canvas, and one feels that its author, in doing it, has been compressed into an unfamiliar atmosphere. Benton's talents call for a larger surface, for a greater extension of volumes and rhythms. The figures are put together solely to achieve the tactile beauty of form; in other words, to produce in the spectator that æsthetic empathy which is the touchstone of such men as El Greco and Tintoretto. Indeed, this canvas strongly recalls El Greco, both as to the flower-like opening of lines, and the treatment in the painting of the forms. Undoubtedly Benton has made a study of the Toledo master (just as El Greco made a study of Tintoretto and Michelangelo), and he has learned much of the underlying principles of great art. As to his color, he has, in a general way, allied himself to that recent school of painters who first discovered that colors have a plastic significance indispensable to the modern vision and to the construction of significant pictorial phrases. Benton might have given more study to the smaller forms of his figures, but the limitations of the frame may have been the cause of his avoiding what, to him, appeared trivial.

In the exhibition at the Daniels Gallery will be found another of Benton's works. Although it is not so good as the one hanging at the Montross Gallery, it conscientiously strives for solid block composition, and for lines which move one æsthetically. If you are interested the attendant will show you another of his works (for some unknown reason unhung) which transcends even his Montross canvas. The color and the composition are both better, and the treatment of the smaller forms is more finished. Zorach has two works at Daniels's. The backs of some of his figures recall Cézanne, while the attitude and treatment of others look more like Zak. Withal, they are a reversion to primitivism with a dash of Poussin, via Friesz; and the whole appears singularly in the best manner of the modern Munich School of

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which Bloch is representative. Mrs. Zorach has a more interesting frame. She calls it *Mountains,* but it is a depiction of several bulky forms only. Man Ray shows two works, one of which is quite large. A standing portrait, painted flatly and effectively, exhibits both the good and bad qualities of Gauguin and Manguin, and, in addition, is reminiscent of Münter. Ray's color is grayish and agreeable—not a mean attribute when one considers the senseless assault on the optic nerves by some of our chaotic modern painters. Of the two works he exposes there is little preference æsthetically, although I prefer the still-life.

Halpert has the same old bridge scene with which we have become intimate through long acquaintance. He is a man with just enough talent to imitate successfully and conglomerately several men at one time. In the hall, for instance, hangs a still-life, superficially Cézannesque; in the main room is the river (or bridge) scape like a Friesz out of Monet. It is gray, and might have been done by a weak Derain or de Vlaminck. Like many works of which I have spoken, it makes an appeal to those reactionaries who feel ashamed at not liking modern work, but whose tastes run to brindle cows in bitumen pastures. Maurer is more interesting, despite his Matisse leanings: in him is the charm of lovely color, at least. He makes a tapestry with few lines, while Halpert uses many lines and makes nothing. Maurer's is a healthy tendency, and undoubtedly will improve.

Cubism seems to have obsessed Dickinson, just as Futurism has Charles Demuth. Demuth's two *Sensations of Times Square* recall the lessons laid down in the original prospectus of Marinetti's disciples. They have the criss-crossing lines, and lack color; and, as with Severini and Russolo, the dramatic is all that is striven for. Why look at such pictures? They have no æsthetic import, and, at best, they are but a feeble reflection of the emotions to be gained from the motif itself. Times Square is free to all. Berlin has a landscape wholly Spanish and exactly in the manner of that competent and little-known painter, Carerra. Simonson has a pastel still-life of tulips; and Nordfelt and Mager are both represented.

In the Modern Gallery, 500 Fifth Avenue, are several Picassos containing that Cubist's habitual daintiness and originality.

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But they belong to that period of Cubism which is least interesting to artist and critic—the period when it passed from painting and became flat but exquisitely balanced lines and tones in which the broken violin and *Le Journal* figured prominently. Picabia also exhibits one of his paintings, as well as a picture of what appears to be the cross-section of a valve. It is a symmetrical, upright bit of machinery, and is called *Ecce Homo*. Æsthetically it has no possible excuse in a room of art works. Walkowitz has two of his mosaics of line, which doubtless are intended to delimit volumes, but, even should he succeed fully in his ambition, he would bear the same relation to modern painting that the drum does to orchestral music: the drum merely delimits sound. Wolff is viewed in two pieces of sculpture—blocks built oppositionally from a spreading base. As attempts at rhythm they are failures. They lack poise, for their straight lines kill movement, and their bases are larger than their apexes. Even their hypothetical solidity is destroyed by the gilt- and nickel-plating which, in reflecting objects, like a looking-glass, takes away all their materiality. Bracq has his usual imitations of Picasso, and Dove shows an uninteresting abstract canvas. Knowing of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz's connection with this new gallery, we have a right to expect better things later on.

To the average spectator all water-colors are artistic, and especially those which have passed beyond the dull ochres and blacks of the reactionary schools. In them one cannot help obtaining brilliant colors, because the nature of the medium allows of the maximum of refraction. The difficulty in handling water-color permits of attractive sketchiness which would be severely criticized in oil work. The roughness of the paper generally chosen produces a surface which is tactilely pleasing. For these reasons water-colors, no matter what their æsthetic worth, always appeal to the amateur. In the enjoyment of the material, of the apparent nonchalance of execution, and of the uniform tone which the drying of the colors produces, one forgets to judge water-colors except as kinds of *objets d'art,* and unconsciously passes over the more important points of composition

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and balance for which one is in the habit of searching in more male mediums.

The water-colors of Winslow Homer, now on view at the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute, are no exception to the general run of such work. They have the rough readiness, the rich and pretty grays of all this style of painting. They are "artistic" in that they are sketchy and have a pleasing surface. As a rule, however, they are little more than interesting subject-drawings which, were they carefully "tickled up," would be only fair magazine illustrations on a plane somewhat beneath the work of Harvey Dunn. Dunn's disposition of black and white is much more æsthetically significant than Homer's subject-matter (this latter artist's chief claim to greatness), because it is an abstract æsthetic attribute. If this were not the case, such painters as Moreau, Doré and Rochegrosse would be the supreme masters of all time.

Homer's work is no better and no worse than twenty English academicians; and the time has come for an honest and unsentimental consideration of his healthy, but slight, talent. The highest praise one can give him is to say that he was undoubtedly sincere; but this is more a personal matter than an artistic one. It is certainly not sufficient to elevate a mediocre painter to significant heights. Though a necessary quality to all artists, it is a means to a great end only when accompanied by genius. In Homer's favor, however, it may be stated that he painted sentimental subjects unsentimentally. The technical and visional influence of such men as Millet and Corot, with which his work is replete, never made him the tearful portrayer of sordidness and sadness such as these other men were. The heavy and depressing monochromatic tone-quality, which generally passes for "feeling," is a personal predilection of the artist. In time it affects his technique, until, finally, horizontal lines, lurid lights, sorrowful or shadowed faces and bent figures gain the upper hand in his works, creating in the spectator an emotion analogous to that which he feels after the sun has set and that magic and maudlin crepuscular half-light floods his vision and saddens his heart.

Few canvases of Homer fall in this category. His talent was

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happier. Physically, he moved in the open air and sunlight; and he possessed too much normal Americanism to allow of lachrymose introspection. His works, like the greatest part of American painting, are mere strivings for effects. Consequently many of them are pretty and mere accurate portrayals of light-effects done in the manner of the 1830 generation which, passing from the tradition of the day, was absorbing the first glimmer of early Impressionism. Homer's canvases are eminently pictorial. They depict some dramatic or interesting scene which the painter has caught or posed, and felt the need of recording. In them, however, is no indication that Homer ever heard of composition. He was one of those natural "composers" whose talent permits him to paint a paper or canvas without giving thought to the balance. There was in him no knowledge even of surface rhythm, as in Matisse, for instance; and the vast world of æsthetic possibilities which lies beyond this starting-point was unsuspected by him.

His reputation is due more to America's ignorance of things artistic, than to his own inherent worth. Without doubt he was one of our greatest native painters during the last generation; but in that fact lies no cause for enthusiasm. In a country of blind men, the one-eyed man is king. Let us accord him great sincerity, an instinct for sedulous labor and an over-powering desire to do great things; but let us do it in whispers, lest Europe laugh. He has made many admirable portraits of the sea, but they are not a hundredth part so real as the sea itself; and this approximation to nature is small claim to consideration. His work has been bought by the Luxembourg, but this is unimportant. A. P. Ryder, in the next room to the water-colors hung in the Brooklyn Institute, is really more artistic in Homer's own manner; and Sargent, whose water-colors are also nearby, is more fluent and illustratively and technically more interesting. Whistler is a better artist; so is Henri. The desire to apotheosize Winslow Homer has in it more of patriotism than of pure æsthetic judgment; and, since we are now rapidly shedding our provincialism and developing a more universal art instinct, we can well afford to stifle our untutored eulogy of him.

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# HARDEN'S CHANCE

WALTER R. BROOKS

HARDEN, as he sat there on a log at the edge of the pasture, wondered, a little vaguely, why he had come back. Now that he was here, the horrible attraction that the place had held for him had vanished, though for three long months he had fought with his whole soul the overmastering desire to revisit it. It had drawn him—drawn him irresistibly; and the pull had at last worn down his resistance and he had come back, though he knew that in so doing he was putting the rope about his neck.

For it was here that he had killed Farley—killed him in a sudden outburst of the hate that had smouldered between them for years, and had at last burst into flame when they had met there the day after the case had been decided against him. He remembered Farley's half frightened, half defiant glance at the axe in his hand as he had come out of the woods and found him there—on *his* land;—for it was his, though the court had decided otherwise;—how he had talked for a time quite quietly, enduring Farley's taunts. . . . And then Farley had made that sneering remark about Dora,—Dora whom they had both loved, and whom Farley had failed to win. . . .

He had hidden his tracks well, afterward. Evidently they had never thought of looking for him in the city, and he might have hidden there indefinitely if he could have kept from coming back. He didn't, of course, know what they had done; he had seen no papers for the first two weeks, and when he had seen them there had been nothing—nothing, that is, until that advertisement two days ago offering a reward for information of his whereabouts, and signed "Dora Harden." Did they suppose him to be fool enough to answer that? They must be very nearly at the end of their resources. . . .

But if he were seen there! He *had* been a fool to come back! The overpowering desire to revisit the place seemed inexplicable now,—its fascination had utterly gone; and being there merely served to intensify the desirability of all he had



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thrown away,—the bald sense of the utter folly of it. Why had he killed him? Things had been bad enough, of course: he had hated him. Hated him with all the strength of his soul, and, as it seemed in retrospect, from the moment, many years ago now, when they had first set eyes on each other. But Farley could have done no more harm, and killing him had only made matters worse—a thousand times worse. It seemed inconceivable now. He could have lived on happily with Dora, —prosperously: a few acres more or less made little difference. And he had been both happy and prosperous, in spite of Farley. Now he was living a dog's life: taking what work he could find from day to day, skulking in back streets, avoiding all intercourse with his own kind for fear of recognition.

And Dora—he might never see her again. Certainly it would be long before he would dare attempt to communicate with her. And then:—would she come to him even if she could?

Ah, what a mess he had made of it! If only he might have the chance to retrieve—the chance to live that wretched day over again!

A splotch of reddish brown in the long grass caught his eye. He rose and went toward it, apathetically curious. Then he knelt suddenly on the ground. His axe! How had they come to overlook it?—to leave it there when they had found Farley?

As he rose with the axe in his hand a twig snapped in the woods behind him. He dropped on all fours and crept stealthily into an angle of the vine-smothered rail fence just as a man appeared between the trees. Something familiar in his walk caused Harden's heart to give a sickening leap in his breast, and then, as the man came closer, the horrible doubt became a certainty. Farley! Farley, who would never walk again! And he was coming towards him!

For one terrible moment Harden, fascinated, unable to run, stared at the approaching figure. And then suddenly it took off its hat to wipe its brow, and Harden caught at the fence in the sudden weakness of great relief. For a great scar seamed

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Farley's face from his ear to the roots of his hair, and Harden knew that he was alive—and that he had not killed him.

Suddenly the hate surged back into his heart. Farley was close now—almost abreast of him, aiming to cross the fence a little further down. Gripping the axe tightly, Harden waited. And then as Farley came opposite him he sprang up, vaulted the fence, and before the other could fling up a hand to break the force of the blow, he swung the axe high in the air and brought it down upon the head of his enemy.

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# THE DWELLERS

WILTON AGNEW BARRETT

TWO women have I loved,
And I am lonely.

Sometimes in the midst of music I see their faces,
Sometimes when night is still I hear their voices,
Ever the veils of thought lie lightly over them.

The tears and laughter of love remembered alike seem desired.
The path of memory renews old passion.

These women live in my being,
Their kisses direct my destiny;
The soft mouth of one sends up fire under the dead years
And my heart smoulders like a leaf-mound in autumn;
And the cold mouth of one is a wise purity forever;
But the lips of ghosts are shadows and their touch leaves weariness.
My way is from the doorsteps of two women,

Yet they come after me, they are with me,
And I am lonely.



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# RUPERT BROOKE

JOHN DRINKWATER

## I

POSTERITY, untroubled by the regrets and intimate sorrows of friendship, untouched by the resentment with which we cannot but meet what for a moment seems mere brutality of accident, will see in Rupert Brooke's life, achievement, and death, one of those rare perfections that attain greatness by their very symmetry and fortunate grace. It is truly as though the gods would have this man great; as though, having given him all bright and clear qualities of brain and heart, they were impatient of any slow moving to the authority for which he was marked, and must, rather in divine caprice than in nature, bring him to untimely and bewildering fulfilment. His brief life, with its inevitable intervals of temperamental unrest, was happy in disposition and in event. It shone with many gifts other than the great gift of poetry. Wit, the cleanest kind of chivalry, inflexible sincerity and the dear courtesy that only the sincere man knows, courage and reverence duly met, intellectual ease and great personal charm and beauty—all these made his friendship one of the most treasurable things of his time. But they did not touch his life to greatness. Had these been the whole story, there would have been nothing to mark his life from many millions that have gone through the world, eager, beautiful, forgotten. His achievement as a poet, definite, memorable, exhilarating, yet reaches its fulness in a volume of work circumscribed enough if we set it beside that by which any other poet establishes his claim to greatness. Finally his death, noble as it was, was yet but one of lamentable multitudes, marking heroism if you will, but not greatness. For it is not lightly that we call men great; it is only once in a while that we single one from the many who do splendidly and fully all that they might do, and say that he among them all is great. But with this man fortune was to be lavish against all example. Although neither his bril-

*The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke* (John Lane Company).



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liance in life nor his courage in death could place him among the few at whose names the blood of generations thrills, and although his work, sure as it is of durable fame, does not place him with those poets, perhaps ten in the language, who, by the scope and volume of their poetry alone, assert their greatness, yet Rupert Brooke will be a name as surely marked of greatness as any in England. Only once before in our history, I think, has a man passed to so large and just a renown with so unconsidered and slender a warrant. Until April the twenty-third in this year, when this greatly loved boy died at the Dardanelles, Philip Sidney had not found his fellow.

To those of us who see in poetry the perfect flowering of life, the story of Rupert Brooke will always mean chiefly the score or so of poems in which he reached to the full maturity of his genius and gave imperishable expression to the very heart of his personality. We shall not be curious to ask where exactly these poems may place him among his fellow poets; we shall be content to know that there is a passion and a beauty in his song by virtue of which the greatest would not hesitate to acknowledge his name. Nor will any profound response to his poetry be enhanced by the accident that brought sublimity to his death, either in those who knew and loved him or in those few who from age to age shall build his best renown. Rupert Brooke, as all poets, would wish to stand or fall chiefly by his poetry, and in the ultimate judgment of poetry no external circumstance whatever has the weight of a single word. Not even the fact that the man who wrote the sonnets, than which after long generations nothing shall make the year 1914 more memorable, served and died for England at war, can add one beat to their pulse. The poetry that shines and falls across them in one perfect and complete wave is, as poetry must always be, independent of all factual experience, and comes wholly from the deeper experience of the imagination. To say that only under the actual conditions could these sonnets have been written is not to the point. Experience of the conditions is common enough; the rare thing is the genius of the poet, and we know that this will fulfil itself be the conditions what they may. It is well to be clear in this matter. We must not suppose, as has sometimes been loosely suggested, that

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Brooke in answering a national call was stirred to a new and profounder poetic expression. At the time when his poetic power was moving in its fulness, it happened to find itself concerned with a great national crisis. The intensity with which this crisis seized his imagination produced poetry which must endure; also it determined him to take up arms. But the two results were not dependent on each other, and to pretend that they were is a sophism of the kind that he would have scornfully repudiated. Had he for any reason been disqualified for service, the poetry would have come in no less certain measure. It is intensity of perception that creates poetry.

Rupert Brooke's best poems are secure of the admiration of all who have the wit to praise justly in these things, and it is this renown that he would most have desired. But we must remember that the people who care deeply and with understanding for rare and lovely art are very few; a few thousands, perhaps, out of the many millions of an age. It is only the ineffectual visionary who supposes that the masses of the people will respond directly to the appeal of greatness in poetry or painting or even in the more popular arts, as music and the drama. The evidence in the matter is plain enough; I do not even know that the fact is lamentable: it is a fact. But there are already, as I believe there always will be, great numbers of people to whom the name of Rupert Brooke means something, while his poetry, strictly speaking, means nothing. There are times when such a thing is unhappy. The interest with which people who are incurably lazy in their higher perceptions will regard a poet who is a navvy, or has no arms, or is mentioned by a bishop, is merely nauseating and vulgar. But sometimes a poet becomes celebrated among this wider public in a way that makes for good. The homage that has instinctively been paid for three hundred years to Philip Sidney by people who know not a line of his poetry and scarcely an event of his life, is wholesome and springs from the better parts of human nature. And so it is with Rupert Brooke. His truest fame will be with those who love his poetry, but the many spirits that will quicken at his name knowing but vaguely of a brief and fortunate life, a brilliant personality, a poetic genius which they will not be curious to explore, a supreme

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sacrifice, will quicken worthily and to their own good. Always there will be the false gods of popular favor, the charlatans, the pandars, the crafty and unscrupulous flatterers of mob-sentimentality, who betray their consciences daily for a little unsavory power. The people exalt without understanding them, blindly praising, as it were, their own baser instincts. But, blindly too perhaps, the people will also desire and from time to time discover some external symbol of the nobility that is in them also, patiently keeping the balance of the world. Such a symbol, clear, almost spare, yet magnificently complete, is the radiant, perfectly poised story of Rupert Brooke.

## II

The development of Rupert Brooke's poetic power was, it seems to me, unlike that of most poets. The early verse of men who afterwards prove their authenticity generally shows a great emotional force with little intellectual power of arrangement, and a weakly imitative craftsmanship. The emotion will commonly be concerned, partly by personality and partly by acceptance from tradition, with what we may roughly call the more generous normal instincts of mankind, as a delight in the natural world, the lover's worship, hatred of tyranny, the mere high spirits of young and happy limbs, sorrow for the passing of beauty. Of such things is the material of most fine poetry, as it is of nearly all futile versifying, and so it is that early work frequently tells us nothing of its writer's future. We know that the material is there, but there is nothing to show whether or no there will ever be the art to shape it. This has been the case with the first work, even the first published work, of many of our most considerable poets; the possibilities have been apparent, if at all, in the matter, not in the manner. But in Rupert Brooke's beginnings there is none of this. The volume of *Poems* published in 1911 which contains work written as early as 1905, when he was eighteen, shows an art curiously personal, skilful, deliberate. It shows, too, an intellectual deftness altogether unexpected in so young a poet, and it shows finally, not always but often, an indifference

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to the normal material upon which poets good and bad are apt to work from the outset, and in the shaping of which ultimately comes all poetry that is memorable. The case will be seen to be an uncommon one, with all the usual conditions, as it were, reversed. Nearly every page is interesting on account of its art and intellectual deftness, qualities that we should not expect to be marked. But there are many pages where we do not get the real glow of poetry, and this because the content, it seems to me, often fails to satisfy the demands of poetry. It is true enough to say that it does not matter what subject the poet may contemplate, but there is an implied provision that the subject shall be one that grips his emotions, one, that is to say, that he perceives poetically. The young Shelley, in *Queen Mab* moved towards poetry only in this, that he was poetically moved by his subject. He had not the intellectual development then to apprehend his subject fully, nor the art to shape it finely, but the content of his poems, though but vaguely realized, was poetic in substance. It so happens that this capacity in subject-matter for stirring the emotion to poetic intensity is nearly always coincident with a sympathy with the common experience of the world. A poet may write in praise of his mistress as freshly today as if none had written before him, but, although we say that he may choose what theme he will, we could not respond to him if he told us in his song that, while he loved his lady and her beauty and that his wooing was in all ways prosperous, the thing that he most desired was never to see her again. We should at once know that the attitude was a piece of cold intellectuality, that it was against poetry in substance.

In Rupert Brooke's earliest work there is a strain of this intellectual coldness. It is difficult, indeed impossible, to say exactly what was its source. It may partly have been an immature enthusiasm for Donne's poetry, partly a concession to university preciosity, partly a natural instinct that was not yet colored by humanity and experience. To control sentiment was a determination that never left him, but to control sentiment is not at all the same thing as being afraid of it, and at the beginning he was apt to be afraid. And he would often substitute for the natural emotions, which most young poets experience and can-

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not shape, an intellectual fancy that he cannot have felt with passion, and shaped it with astonishing skill and attractiveness. It is as though he knew that young poets in inheriting the common emotion of the world were always in danger of borrowing the world's way, too, to express themselves about it, and resolved that he would rather refuse his inheritance than run the risk of sickly repetition. And so he sought at first to quicken in his unaided brain some thought that should serve him instead and, naturally, although his effort was marked by extraordinary brilliance, it failed. Poetry cannot prosper on these terms; it must sit at the world's fire, or perish. The most common note that we find in his first book in illustration of my meaning is the presence at love's moment of the knowledge that women grow old and beauty fades. The reflection is true in fact, but it is not poetically true, and so, in its present shape, it is false. That is to say, we know that, although women do grow old, the lover in the delight of his mistress does not realize this, and that the assertion that he does is not emotional passion of conviction but intellectual deliberation. Rupert Brooke goes one step further into danger; not only does he assert that the lover feels something that we know he does not feel, but—it is perhaps an equitable penalty for the first false step—he makes the realization of a fact that we know is not realized in the circumstances, a source of revulsion, when we know that if the lover felt at all about his mistress's old age it would certainly be with peace and surety. It is only a detached intellectual attitude towards a thing that can be perceived fully by passion alone, that can suffer the illusion that the lover's mood is subject to these external facts. To argue that a woman does really grow old and lose her younger beauty and so may forego something of her power, is beside the point; the lover does not hear you, and it is the lover's consciousness alone of which we are speaking. In poetic truth, which is the strictest truth, the woman, living in the young man's mood, is adorable beyond change, and if the young man says "I worship you, but I know that you will grow old and fade, and that then I shall hate you," we know that he is speaking not from his heart but from a nimble brain.

We find, then, in a great many pages of this first book, an

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instrument that on so young lips, is efficient and enchanting against almost all example, yet playing a tune that does not come wholly from the heart. Never, I think, has technique reached so great a perfection without corresponding authenticity of impulse. Only half a dozen times in the book do we get such phrases as " rife with magic and movement," or " whirling blinding moil," and even in the poems where most we feel the lack of emotional truth there is a beauty of word that made the book full of the most exciting promise:

> . . . Menelaus bold
> Waxed garrulous, and sacked a hundred Troys
> 'Twixt noon and supper. And her golden voice
> Got shrill as he grew deafer. And both were old.
>
> Often he wonders why on earth he went
> Troyward, or why poor Paris ever came.
> Oft she weeps, gummy-eyed and impotent;
> Her dry shanks twitch at Paris' mumbled name.
> So Menelaus nagged; and Helen cried;
> And Paris slept on by Scamander side.

Already, too, there was in certain poems, assurance against the danger that this intellectual constraint might degenerate into virtuosity. In the song beginning

> " Oh! love! " they said " is King of Kings,"

the intellectual mood, even in the love traffic in which it has been most shy, is adjusting itself finely to the clear and common impulses of mankind, while in *Dust, The Fish, The Hill, The Jolly Company, Ambarvalia, Dining Room Tea,* and the lovely opening sonnet—

> Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire
> Of watching you. . . .

there is a movement, a perfect visualization of image and a clarity of individual thought, that mark him as being of the great tra-

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dition, and endowed with the spontaneity that fellowship in that tradition implies.

In the volume published after his death, Rupert Brooke seems to me to have passed into full and rich communion with the great normal life of the world. There are three poems, *All suddenly the wind comes soft, The way that lovers use is this* and *Mary and Gabriel,* that are just a little formal perhaps, by no means valueless, but touched with some memory at a moment when the poetic faculty was not as alert as usual. There are two poems, *There's Wisdom in Women* and *Love,* where the old detached and ironic mood that was once unreal returns not quite happily, and another, *The Chilterns,* in which it has been transmuted into a gracious and acceptable humor. Also there is a sonnet, *Unfortunate,* in which there is a reminiscence of the old mood, but it is now treated very reverently and with superb psychological insight. For the rest we have thrilling and adventurous beauty from beginning to end. There is no more tender landscape in English poetry than *Grantchester,* suffused as it is with a mood that never changes and yet passes between the wittiest laughter and the profoundest emotion with perfect naturalness. The subject matter throughout the book no longer forces us to dissent or question. It has become wholly merged in the corporate art, and we accept it unhesitatingly as we accept the content of all splendid work. As in all really fine achievement in poetry, there is in his choice of form a glad acceptance and development of the traditions that have been slowly evolved through generations, and a perfect subjection of those forms to his own personality, until a sonnet becomes as definitely his own as if he had invented the external structure. We find, too, that the early constraint, even though it led to a touch of falsity at the time, has not been without its uses. The common emotions of the world he has, after jealous waiting, truly discovered and won for himself, unstaled of the world's usage. His passion is extraordinarily clean, burning among all simple things, clear, untroubled, ecstatic. Except in the two or three pages of which I have spoken, we find everywhere an almost fierce renunciation of anything that would not stir the plain knitters in the sun, with an unwearying determination to translate all this common

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simple life into the most exact and stirring beauty. It is true that in one or two cases, notably *Heaven,* the image that he creates of this simplicity of passion is such as not to relate itself easily at first glance to the clear normal thought that is nevertheless its basis if for a moment we consider its significance. When the poet elects to make brief intellectual holiday, so long as he does so in the terms of his own personality, we should do nothing but make holiday gladly with him. And we may well do so at intervals in a book that moves in the high consciousness of rare but natural poetic achievement, alert with the freshness and daring of splendid youth, grave in that profoundest knowledge which is imagination; a book that will surely pass to vigorous immortality.

## III

The first time I saw Rupert Brooke was in the summer of 1912, a few months after his first volume had been published. The editor of *The Book of Georgian Poetry,* whose friendship with the poet will itself make a page in literary history, and who is to write the story of his friend's life, had invited some of us to hear about his proposed anthology. There were but a few moments in which we could talk together, and all that I can remember is an impression of an extraordinarily alert intelligence finely equipped both with wit and penetrative power, and resolutely declining to use either for any superficial effect. I suppose no one of his years can ever have had in greater measure the gifts that can be used to make easily swayed admiration gape, or greater temptations so to employ his qualities: and I am sure that no man has ever been more wholly indifferent to any such conquests. Humor he had in abundance, but of witty insincerity no trace. Never was a personality more finely balanced. It is this that I remember of him at that first meeting, this that I—and all his friends—found governing him and bracing his genius till the end. It has been said that he had a strain of self-consciousness about his personal charm and brilliance, that he was a little afraid lest that side of him should claim too much attention. To answer the suggestion would be an impertinence.

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He was properly glad of his qualities; also he was properly careless of them. The notion that any such matter ever occupied his mind for a moment can be nothing but ludicrous to those who knew him.

After 1912 I saw him several times in London and in Birmingham. I find a letter shortly after I had first met him, sending me his book, another in November speaking of it and some work of my own, and "feeling much excited" about the new repertory work in Birmingham. Nothing more till March, 1913, when he writes twice arranging to come for the night and asking for precise directions as to where he shall sit and how dressed in the theatre. We sat up most of the night talking. In May he sends me a play and says he is just off to America for some months. Then in the summer of 1914 he was back again, and we met in London after a vehement letter bidding me to a festivity in any clothes, which is to be immense fun, and if I haven't a bed he can find me a couch. Also he means to stay with us again in Birmingham next week, but he will have been to the dentist and will not be fit company for human beings. But he came, and I remember we exhausted the complete theory of drama in a tea-shop, went to a Promenade concert afterwards, and again talked till morning. Also he arranged to take Lascelles Abercrombie, Wilfrid Gibson and myself in a motor car to some quiet place where we could discuss *New Numbers* which was now being published. A few days later the project is written off as "I can't get the car that week. My Mother demands it on some nefarious political business. We must work out something for later." The letter ends with a charming message to my wife who has been, he sees, "infinitely victorious" in some tennis undertaking.

The something for later was never worked out. In the last week of July we lunched twice together in a Soho restaurant. War was threatening. If it broke, he must go; I think it was said in so many words; it certainly was clear. He was still eager about his new fellowship work at Cambridge, but, as one feels now, there was already in the eagerness the note of foreboding, calm indeed and wholly contented, that seemed to touch all his words thereafter till the end. I heard of him from time to time, then came a long and graphic letter after the fall of Antwerp, at

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which he was present with the Royal Naval Division. "There was some affair at Antwerp, I remember . . . a burning city, the din of cannonade, a shattered railway-station, my sailors bivouacking in the gardens of a deserted chateau, refugees coming out of the darkness. . . ." Then, "not a bad time and place to die, Belgium 1915." We met once again. He was on sick leave, and I saw him for an hour in London. He talked of his new sonnets, just written, of Antwerp, of the boredom of training, the great fellowship that comes in fighting. He expected to be in England for some weeks, and it was arranged that I should spend a day or two with him at Blandford. But he went to the Dardanelles almost at once. On April the twenty-third I was in London. The news that came on that day was the most terrible that I have yet known.

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# THE LAWS OF THE REFORM

*The principles of the Laws of the Reform were really initiated in the early thirties of last century by one of the most daring thinkers of Mexico, Gómez Farías.*

*The fundamental principles of these laws consisted in the separation of the Church and State, and religious tolerance. It will be remembered that the plan of Iguala proclaimed by Iturbide, February 24th, 1821, in the first lines:*

*"I. The establishment of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Religion as the national religion without* toleration *from any other" and that the Constitution which was adopted in Jan. 1824 read as follows, in the third article:*

*"The religion of the Mexican nation is and will perpetually be the Roman Catholic Apostolic. The nation will protect it by wise and just laws, and prohibit the exercise of any other whatever."*

*By reading even casually the history of Mexico one will discover that religious intolerance did not originate with the Jews and Protestants, but was essentially and fundamentally the policy of the Catholic Church in Mexico.*

*Benito Juarez continued and carried into effect the principles initiated by Gómez Farías, through the war of the Reform which conquered and eliminated the Catholic Church as a political factor in Mexico and the Laws of the Reform were then enacted and legalized by Congress and have become part of the Constitution.*

*The laws which are published herewith are only those relating to the religious question.*

*Note by Translator.*

*Law of July 21st, 1859.*

Ministry of Justice, Ecclesiastical Business and Public Instruction.

Most Excellent Sir: His Excellency, the provisional and constitutional President of the Republic, has ordered published the following decree:

*The citizen Benito Juarez, constitutional President ad in-*



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*terim of the United States of Mexico, to all its inhabitants, with the unanimous approval of the Cabinet—*

CONSIDERING:

That the principal purpose of the clericals who began and continued this war was to escape obedience to the civil authorities; that when the civil authorities offered to improve the income of the clergy it refused, though it was to its advantage, so as not to admit a power greater than itself; that when the civil authorities put into execution the order of the clergy on the subject of parochial taxes, thereby removing the odium caused by the manner of collection of these taxes, the clergy preferred to appear to lose before bowing to any law;

That the law on the subject proves the clergy can maintain itself in Mexico as in other countries, without the civil law collecting payments or taxes from the faithful;

That if at other times there may have been some doubt that the clergy was a constant hindrance to the establishment of peace, at present all have to acknowledge that it is in open rebellion against the sovereign power;

That the clergy having squandered the funds intrusted to it by the faithful for holy purposes, diverting them to the general destruction, sustaining and aggravating every day the fratricidal struggle which was begun by the rebellion against legitimate authority and denying the republic the right to constitute a government of its convenience;

That all efforts to the present time to stop this war which is ruining the republic having proved fruitless, to leave in the hands of the sworn enemy of the republic any longer the resources which it has misused so grievously would be equal to becoming its accomplice; and

That it is an imperious duty to put into execution all the measures which might save the situation and society, I hereby decree the following:

Art. 1. All the wealth which the secular and regular clergy have administered under various titles, whether in the form of landed property, taxes or capital, or in whatever name or form it may have been held, shall become the possession of the nation.

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Art. 2. A special law will determine the manner and form of entry of the above-mentioned wealth into the treasury of the nation.

Art. 3. There shall be perfect independence between the affairs of the State and the affairs purely ecclesiastical. The government will limit itself to protecting with its authority the public worship of the Catholic religion and any other religion.

Art. 4. The ministers of the faith for the administration of the sacraments and other religious functions will be permitted to accept gifts and oblations offered in return for services rendered, but neither gifts nor indemnities shall be rendered in the form of real estate.

Art. 5. The existent religious orders, irrespective of denomination or for what purpose created, and all archconfraternities, confraternities and brotherhoods connected with the religious communities and the cathedrals, parishes or any churches, shall be suppressed throughout the entire republic.

Art. 6. The foundation and erection of new convents or religious orders of archconfraternities, confraternities or brotherhoods of whatever form or appellation is prohibited. Likewise the wearing of the garb of the suppressed orders is forbidden.

Art. 7. As this law reduces the regular clergy of the suppressed order to the secular clergy, they will be subject as such to the respective ordinary ecclesiastics in religious matters.

Art. 8. To each of the regular ecclesiastics of the suppressed orders who shall obey the law, the government will give five hundred pesos in one payment. To the regular ecclesiastics who are incapacitated in their duties by sickness or old age will be given three thousand pesos in addition to the five hundred pesos, so invested in property that they may competently provide for themselves, and they may dispose of both sums as freely as if the money were their own.

Art. 9. The members of the suppressed orders shall be permitted to remove from the convent to their homes furniture and other appurtenances which they had for their personal use.

Art. 10. The images, embroideries, copes, and sacred vessels of the suppressed regular churches shall be delivered to the Bishop of the Diocese for formal inventory.

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Art. 11. The Governor of the District and the Governors of the States shall designate, at the command of the M. R. Bishop and the R. Bishop of the dioceses, the temples of the suppressed regulars which shall be used for religious services, first carefully explaining their necessity and utility.

Art. 12. The books, manuscripts, paintings and antiques, and other objects belonging to the suppressed religious communities shall be turned over to the museums, public schools, libraries and other public institutions.

Art. 13. The regular ecclesiastics of the suppressed orders who continue to wear the ecclesiastical robe or continue to live in communities fifteen days following the publication of this law in the entire republic will forfeit their share as mentioned in Article 8, and if they continue to live in communities after the expiration of the fifteen days they shall be expelled from the republic immediately.

Art. 14. The convents of the nuns at present in existence shall remain, observing the private regulations of their cloister. These convents which were subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of some of the suppressed regulars shall be under that of the bishop of the diocese.

Art. 15. Every nun upon leaving her convent shall receive the sum which was given at her entrance to the convent as dowry, whether given as donation, paraphernalia or religious endowment. The sister of mercy who brought nothing to her convent shall receive a sum of five hundred pesos on the act of leaving the convent. They shall dispose of the dowry or pension as freely as if it were their own property.

Art. 16. The political and judicial authorities of the place shall offer all possible assistance to outgoing nuns in making effective the payment of the dowry or the sum mentioned in the above article.

Art. 17. Each nun shall keep the capital which in the form of dowry may have gone to the convent. This capital will be secured to her in landed property or real estate by means of official documents issued to her personally.

Art. 18. To each of the convents of nuns there will be left a capital which with its proceeds will be sufficient to cover the

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repairs to their buildings and the expenses of their feasts of their respective patrons, the expenses of Christmas, Holy Week, Corpus Christi, Resurrection, All Saints and other expenses. The superiors and chaplains of the respective convents shall give the estimate for these expenses which will be presented to the Governor of the District and to the Governors of the respective States for their revision and approval within fifteen days after the publication of this law.

Art. 19. All the wealth remaining in the convents shall be turned over to the general treasury of the nation in accordance with Article 1 of this law.

Art. 20. The nuns who remain cloistered may dispose of their respective dowries, bequeathing them freely according to law. In case they do not leave a will or they have no kin to receive the inheritance, then the dowry shall be turned into the public treasury.

Art. 21. All the convents for nuns will be closed forever to the novitiates. The present novices will not be permitted to take their vows and upon leaving the novitiate they shall receive what they brought to the convent.

Art. 22. All transfers of wealth mentioned in this law, by any individual of the clergy or any other person who has not received authorization from the constitutional government, shall be null and void. The buyer, whether a native or a foreigner, shall be obliged to return whatever was bought or its value, and further, shall be fined five per cent. on the value. The notary authorizing the contract shall be deposed and forever debarred from public service and the witnesses shall suffer the penalty of from one to four years in the penitentiary.

Art. 23. All those who directly or indirectly oppose or in any manner prevent the fulfilment of this law shall be expelled from the republic or turned over to the judicial authorities according to the decision of the government regarding the gravity of the offence. In the latter case they will be judged and punished as conspirators and there shall be no appeal from the sentence which will be pronounced against these criminals by the competent court.

Art. 24. All the penalties which this law imposes shall be

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made effective by the judicial authorities of the nation or by the political authorities of the State, who shall communicate immediately with the general government.

Art. 25. The Governor of the District and the Governors of the State shall, in their turn, confer with the government regarding the method they will find convenient for the fulfilment of this law.

In the meantime I shall order it printed, published and circulated.

Given in the government Palace in Vera Cruz, July 12, 1859.

BENITO JUAREZ. Melchior Ocampo, President of the Cabinet, Minister of the Interior in charge of Foreign Relations, and of War and of Navy. Lic. Manuel Ruiz, Minister of Justice, Ecclesiastical Business and Public Instruction.—Miguel Lerdo de Tejada, Minister of Finances and in charge of Fomento.

I communicate to Your Excellency for your information and fulfilment.

Palace of the General Government in Vera Cruz, July 12, 1859. Ruiz, Most Excellent Governor of the State of .....

## *LAW*

### *of the 25th of September, 1873, on Additions and Amendments to the Constitution.*

Office of the Secretary of State,
Department of the Interior,
Section I.

The citizen president of the republic has directed the following decree:

*SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA, Constitutional President of the United States of Mexico, to all its inhabitants—*

KNOW YE:

That the Congress of the Union has decreed the following:
The Congress of the United States of Mexico, in the exercise

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of the authority conceded by article 127 of the political constitution promulgated February 12th, 1857, and in accordance with the approval of the majority of the Legislatures of the Republic, declares:

Art. 1. The State and the Church are independent of each other. Congress cannot dictate laws establishing or prohibiting any religions.

Art. 2. Matrimony is a civil contract. This and other acts pertaining to the civil state of persons are under the exclusive jurisdiction of the civil authorities in manner provided by the laws, which will have the force and validity attributed to them.

Art. 3. No religious institutions may acquire real estate or capital invested in real estate with the sole exception established by Article 27 of the Constitution.

Art. 4. The simple promise to tell the truth and to fulfil contracted obligations shall replace the religious oath with its effect and penalties.

Art. 5. No one shall be compelled to lend his personal services without a fair compensation or without his full consent. The State cannot admit the validity of any contract, pact or agreement by virtue of which a man loses or irrevocably sacrifices his liberty, whether by reason of work, education or religious vows. The law, consequently, does not recognize monastic orders, nor can it permit their establishment, whatever their denomination or the object for which they claim to be formed.

*Transitory.*

The foregoing additions and amendments to the Constitution shall be published at once with greatest solemnity in the entire Republic.

Palace of the Congress of the Union, Mexico,
September 25th, 1873.

Meanwhile I order that they shall be printed, published, circulated and obeyed.

In the National Palace of Mexico, September 25th, 1873.

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SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA. To the citizen, Lic. Cayetano Gomez y Perez, in charge of the Ministry of the Interior.

I communicate to you for your information and its consequent effects.

Independence and Liberty, Mexico, September 25th, 1873.

Cayetano Gomez y Perez—Chief Clerk

Citizen Governor of the State of .....

## *LAWS OF THE REFORM*

### *Law of December 14th, 1874.*

Office of the State and Interior. First Section.

The citizen president of the Republic has directed that the following decree be published.

*SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA, Constitutional President of the United States of Mexico, to its inhabitants,—*

KNOW YE:

That the Congress of the Union has decreed the following: The Congress of the Union decrees:

### FIRST SECTION.

Art. 1. FIRST SECTION.

THE STATE AND THE CHURCH ARE INDEPENDENT OF EACH OTHER.—

No one will be empowered to dictate laws establishing or prohibiting any religion; but the State exercises authority over them, in relation to the conservation of public order and the respect of its institutions.

Art. 2. THE STATE IN THE REPUBLIC GUARANTEES THE EXERCISE OF ALL CULTS.—

It will prosecute and punish only those practices and acts,

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authorized by some cult, which may be in violation of our penal laws.

Art. 3. NO AUTHORITY OR CORPORATION OR ORGANIZED BODY OF SOLDIERS CAN CONCUR OFFICIALLY TO THE ACTS OF ANY CULT; NEITHER UNDER THE PRETEXT OF RELIGIOUS SOLEMNITIES WILL THEY BE PERMITTED TO MAKE ANY DEMONSTRATIONS OR CELEBRATIONS.—

Therefore no holidays are authorized except those which have as their object the solemnization of purely civil events. The Sundays are designated as days of rest for the offices and public establishments.

Art. 4. Religious instruction and the official practices of whatsoever cult, are forbidden in all the buildings of the federation of the States and the municipalities. The principle of morality will be taught by those competent and empowered to do so, without reference to any cult. The infraction of this rule will be punished by a government fine of twenty-five to two hundred pesos, in addition to the dismissal of the guilty parties in case of a repetition of the offence. Persons who live in public buildings can, if they so desire, meet in the temple of their faith and receive in the same establishment, in cases of extreme urgency, the spiritual assistance of the religion they profess. In the respective regulations, the manner of carrying out this authorization without prejudice to the object of the establishment and without infraction of Article 3 will be fixed.

Art. 5. NO RELIGIOUS ACT MAY TAKE PLACE IN PUBLIC. IT MUST BE PERFORMED WITHIN THE TEMPLES ONLY—under penalty of stopping the act and punishing its authors by a government fine of ten to two hundred pesos or imprisonment from ten to fifteen days. Should the act be of a solemn character, or for any other reason, the persons attending it will not obey the suggestion of the authorities to desist, will be imprisoned and turned over to the judicial authorities and become liable to imprisonment for two to six months.

No individual of either sex, nor members of cults may wear

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distinctive or characteristic robes outside of the temples, under penalty of eighteen to two hundred pesos.

Art. 6. THE RINGING OF BELLS WILL BE LIMITED TO THE STRICT PERFORMANCE OF RELIGIOUS ACTS.—The police shall direct regulations which shall not cause inconvenience to the public.

Art. 7. For a temple to enjoy the privileges as such in the whole republic, according to Article 969 and the penal code of the district, its existence and installation must be communicated to the political authorities of the locality which, making note of it, will advise the Government of the State which in its turn will advise the Ministry of the Interior.

Art. 8. Legacies and the establishment of estates in favor of members of any cult or persons who lived with such members who have given any manner of spiritual help to the testators during the sickness from which they died, or who have been confessors of the same, are null and void.

Art. 9. Equally null and void is the establishment of estates or legacies which even though they have been made ostensibly in favor of those legally qualified are in direct contravention of the law and intended to circumvent Section III of Article 15.

Art. 10. The ministers of the cults cannot enjoy any privileges from other citizens which, by reason of their character, shall place them above the law, and are not subject to any more interdictions than those of this law and according to the constitution.

Art. 11. THE SPEECHES OF MINISTERS OF THE CULT ADVISING DISOBEDIENCE TO THE LAWS OR PROVOKING MISDEMEANOR OR FELONY RENDER THE ASSEMBLY WHEREIN SUCH WORDS ARE SPOKEN UNLAWFUL AND THEREFORE SUCH ASSEMBLY LOSES THE GUARANTEES UNDER ARTICLE 9 OF THE CONSTITUTION.—The author of the address or speech will be subject to the laws of the Third Book, Section Six, Chapter Eight of the Penal Code, which is in force in the whole Republic. Crimes committed by instigation or suggestion of a minister of any cults as referred to in the present article constitute such person a principal accessory to the fact.

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Art. 12. All reunions which take place in temples shall be public, subject to the vigilance of the police, who can exercise the functions of their office when the case demands.

Art. 13. Religious institutions are free to organize hierarchically if they desire, but such organizations have no legal status as regards the State except to give character to the superiors in each locality according to Article 15. No minister of any cult can, therefore, present himself officially to the authorities under such character or title. He can do so in the form and according to the right of petition exercised by every citizen.

## SECOND SECTION.

Art. 14. NO RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION MAY ACQUIRE REAL ESTATE OR CAPITAL INVESTED IN REAL ESTATE WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE TEMPLES TO BE USED SOLELY FOR THE PUBLIC SERVICE OF THE CULT OR THE BUILDINGS WHICH MAY BE STRICTLY NECESSARY FOR SUCH SERVICE.

Art. 15. The religious associations as represented by their superiors in each locality are allowed the following:

I. The right of petition.

II. The right of acquisition of the temples, according to the above article, which shall be ruled by the laws of the State, when the association has been suppressed or the property abandoned.

III. To receive gifts or charities other than real estate, titles, bonds, notes, estates, legacies, donations or other gifts of like character which are null and void.

IV. The right to receive alms in the temples by means of collectors regularly appointed according to Article 415 of the Penal Code of the district, which article shall be enforced in the whole Republic.

V. The right assigned in the following article:—

"Beyond the rights mentioned, the law does not accord any other to the religious societies in their character as corporations."

Art. 16. The temples which according to the law of July

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12th, 1859, were nationalized and which have been left to the Catholic cult, as well as others which later may have been ceded to any other religious institutions, shall continue to belong to the nation, but its exclusive use, conservation and improvement will belong to the religious institutions to whom they may have been ceded so long as the consolidation of the property shall not have been decreed.

Art. 17. The buildings spoken of in the two previous articles shall be exempt from the payment of taxes, except in case they should be constructed or acquired nominally or outright by one or more individuals without transferring them to a religious society. The property in such case shall be governed according to the laws.

Art. 18. The buildings which do not belong to private individuals and which according to this section and the following one shall be acquired by the nation shall be transferred according to law.

## THIRD SECTION.

Art. 19. THE STATE DOES NOT RECOGNIZE ANY MONASTIC ORDER NOR CAN IT PERMIT THEIR ESTABLISHMENT, NO MATTER WHAT THE DENOMINATION OR OBJECT UNDER WHICH THEY MAY HAVE BEEN CREATED.—The Secret orders which have been established shall be considered as illegal and the authorities can dissolve them should their members live in communities; and in any case, their chiefs, superiors or directors will be judged as guilty of an infraction of individual guarantees, in conformity to Article 963 of the Penal Code of the district, to be enforced in the whole Republic.

Art. 20. ALL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES WHOSE INDIVIDUALS LIVE UNDER CERTAIN PECULIAR LAWS BY VIRTUE OF PROMISES OR TEMPORARY OR PERPETUAL VOWS SUBJECT TO ONE OR MORE SUPERIORS, EVEN WHEN THESE INDIVIDUALS OF THE ORDERS SHALL LIVE IN DIFFERENT PLACES, SHALL BE CONSIDERED MONASTIC ORDERS IN CONFORM-

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ITY WITH THE FOREGOING ARTICLE.—Therefore the first declarations relative to the circular of the Minister of the Interior, of May 28, 1861, shall be without effect.

## FOURTH SECTION.

Art. 21. THE SIMPLE PROMISE TO TELL THE TRUTH AND TO FULFIL ONE'S OBLIGATIONS SHALL SUBSTITUTE THE RELIGIOUS OATH IN ITS EFFECT AND PENALTIES,—but one and the other are legal requisites when it is necessary to testify in a court, in which case the first and second shall be offered. When taking possession of an official position, formal oath will be made to obey and preserve the political constitution of the United States of Mexico, with its additions, amendments and its laws, without reservation. This oath shall be taken by all those who take charge of a public office of the federation of the States or of the municipalities. In other cases, when by reason of the law the oath might produce some legal consequences, the simple promise would not do so.

## FIFTH SECTION.

Art. 22. Marriage is a civil contract, and that as well as other acts which fix the civil status of individuals belong to the civil jurisdiction according to the laws.

Art. 23. It is the duty of the States to legislate on the civil status of an individual and to decide the manner or acts relative to performance and registration, but its regulations shall be subject to the following rules:

I. The offices of the Civil Register shall be as numerous as may be necessary to fulfil all requirements and will always be in charge of employees of proved ability and reputation.

II. The acts of the Civil State shall be entered accurately in separate entries in books which shall be under the inspection of the political authorities. The record will be made with all necessary formalities to insure its authenticity and the veracity of the acts. No erasures, corrections or additions between the

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lines shall be allowed. In case of error, the word "rejected" shall be inscribed before signing the erroneous entry and the record continued correctly.

III. The services of the Civil State shall be free to the public with the exception of tariffs, which will be established only for the collection of duties for those acts which may be done in the Office of the Register but which at the demand of the interested parties and for the accommodation of witnesses of acts, are done at their houses, and for burial in privileged places.

IV. The offices of the Public Register shall maintain a copy of their books without interruption between records. Semi-annually this copy, attested at the bottom, with a record of the contents, signed at the margin, shall be sent to the archives of the Government of the State. Further, in like manner notice of the acts registered in each month shall be remitted.

V. All the acts of the Civil Register shall be of public character and inspection of the records shall be denied to none.

VI. The records of the Register shall be the only proof of the civil status of individuals and shall be considered legal in the Courts unless they can be proved to be forgeries.

VII. Civil marriage can only be contracted by one man with one woman. Bigamy and polygamy are crimes punishable by law.

VIII. The will of the contracting parties shall be expressed in the form established by law and constitutes the essence of civil marriage; consequently the laws shall protect the emanation of such will or prevent any action against it.

IX. Civil marriage can be dissolved only by the death of either of the contracting parties but the law may admit temporary separation for serious reasons which shall be determined by the Legislature, but the contracting parties may not unite with other persons by reason of such separation.

X. Marriage cannot be contracted by persons who for physical reasons cannot fulfil the object of marriage or by those who by reason of moral incapacity cannot express their consent to it. A marriage performed in such cases may be annulled by petition of one of the parties thereto.

XI. Blood relationship or affinity between descendants or

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ancestors in direct line or brothers or stepbrothers shall also prevent marriage, and marriages contracted in such cases shall be null and void.

XII. All cases regarding the validity or nullity of marriage, divorce or matters pertaining thereto shall be prosecuted in the Courts according to law without legal consequences by reason of the action of members of the cult as to these matters.

XIII. The law shall not impose or prescribe religious rites in respect to marriage. Likewise, married couples are free to receive the blessings of the ministers of the cult, without legal consequences.

XIV. All cemeteries and places of burial shall be under the immediate inspection of the civil authorities even where they are private enterprises. No establishment of this kind can be founded without a license from the authorities. Burials or exhumations cannot be carried on without permission or written orders of the authorities.

Art. 24. The Civil status of a person in one State or District shall be recognized in all the other States or Districts of the Republic.

## SECTION SIX.

Art. 25. No one shall be compelled to render personal services without fair compensation and without his full consent. The lack of consent even with compensation constitutes an attack to the guarantee in the same manner as the lack of compensation where consent has been given or was obtained.

Art. 26. The State cannot admit the validity of any contract, pact or agreement, by virtue of which a man loses or irrevocably sacrifices his liberty, whether by reason of work, education or religious vows, nor can it authorize pacts by which a man agrees to his proscription or exile. All contracts made in contravention of this Article shall be null and void and those who accept them shall be required to indemnify the losses and injuries caused.

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## GENERAL ORDERS.

Art. 27. The political authorities of the State have power to impose sentences according to law. These same authorities shall be liable to the Governor of the State for double these penalties should they authorize or knowingly tolerate any infringement of the laws. The governors of the States are responsible in their turn, for infraction of the present law or for the neglect to enforce the same by the authorities and officials subject to them.

Art. 28. The Courts of the Federation shall have jurisdiction over crimes against Sections I, II, III and VI of the law which have the character of federal laws, but the judges of the States shall try them in all parts which do not clash with the jurisdiction of the District and send them to the Judge of the District for sentence. Trials for crimes against Sections IV and V will be held according to the common law of each locality.

Art. 29. Condensed in these are the Laws of the Reform which will continue to be observed as to the Civil Register. Those in conformity to Section 5 will be issued by the State. Likewise the Laws which refer to the transfer and nationalization of ecclesiastical property and payment of dowries to ex-nuns with the modification introduced in Article 8 of the law of June 25th, 1856.

Palace of the Legislative Power, December 10, 1874,
Nicholas Lemus, Deputy President,
Antonio Gomez, Deputy Secretary,
L. Luis G. Alvirez, Deputy Secretary,
J. V. Villada, Deputy Secretary,
Alejandro Prieto, Deputy Secretary.

Meanwhile I order these to be printed, published, circulated and obeyed.

Given in the Palace of the National Government of Mexico December 14th, 1874.

SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA.

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# WHOSE DOG—?

FRANCES GREGG

HEY—there's ladies here, move on——you!" The tone was authoritative and old John, the village drunkard, crouched away.

"I warn't doin' nothin'," he clutched feebly at the loose hanging rags that clothed him, "only wanted to see same's them. Guess this pier's big enough to hold us all."

"Halloo, John, have a drink?" A grinning boy held a can of salt water toward him.

The quick maudlin tears sprang to the old man's eyes. "Little fellers," he muttered, "little fellers, they oughtn't ter act that way."

"Give him a new necktie, he's gotta go to dinner with the Lodge." A handful of dank sea-weed writhed around the old man's neck. "That's a turtle, that is," the boy went on, the need for imparting information justifying his lapse from ragging the drunkard. "There—swimming round—it's tied to that stake. You orter've seen it at low tide when it was on the beach. It weighs ninety pounds."

"I seen a turtle onct," the drunkard quavered. "It was bigger'n that. En they tied it to a stake—en it swam round—en it swam round——" his sodden brain clutched for something more to say, some marvel with which to hold the interest of the gathered boys. It was good to talk. If only they would let him talk to them. If only they would let him sit on the store porch and smoke and gossip. He wouldn't be the town disgrace——

"Well—go on—what'd't do?"

"Hey you!"—the boys were interrupted by the authoritative voice—"I told you to move on, didn't I—now if I tell you again I'll run you in. D'yer hear? What you boys let that old bum hang around you for anyway. What's he doin' here?"

"Aw, he's fun. He warn't doin' nothin'. He was just



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awatchin' it swim. It's tied to that post. It don't come up no more."

"Watchin' it swim, eh, was he? A'right. Whose dog is it?" The officer turned and sauntered away.

Sudden horror seized the old man. The liquor seemed drained out of his veins: his brain worked almost quickly. "Whose dog—whose dog? Say!" he darted after the retreating boys. "Say—that ain't no dog—is it—no *dog?* Tied up like that to drown—say——"

"Aw—keep off—I told you onct—it's a turtle for the Lodge dinner." The boy shook himself free.

The old man stood a moment, shaken. His pulpy brain worked dimly toward the conception of the pain that was consuming him. "Whose dog——" that man had asked—and he hadn't meant to help it—"whose dog!" They could do it—tie up a dog to drown in sight of people—like that—cruel. He saw the policeman coming toward him again. In a sudden frenzy he clutched his tattered garments about him and began to run, to run toward the end of the pier.

The boys raced after him. "What yer gonter do?" they shouted. "What yer gonter do?"

The old man turned and looked at them a moment with twitching features. "I'm gonter die," he said.

"Come on, you fellers—come on—the drunk's gonter dive—come on—he's cryin'!"

There was a splash. A surge of green filth and mud spread and dyed the water. A row of expectant heads leaned over the rail. "Say—he ain't come up." They waited.

The policeman strolled leisurely down in response to their repeated cries. "*Who* ain't come up? What, him—the drunk?" The officer leaned lethargically over the rail. "What'm I gonter do? Why, leave'm. He ain't got no folks gonter sit up nights waitin' fer'm. Now you young ones go along home to your suppers," he indulgently commanded, "and you little fellers, if you want crabs, be 'round here early. By to-morrow this place will be fairly swarmin' with them."

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# THE FREE VACATION HOUSE

ANZIA YEZIERSKA

HOW came it that I went to the free vacation house was like this:

One day the visiting teacher from the school comes to find out for why don't I get the children ready for school in time; for why are they so often late.

I let out on her my whole bitter heart. I told her my head was on wheels from worrying. When I get up in the morning, I don't know on what to turn first: should I nurse the baby, or make Sam's breakfast, or attend on the older children. I only got two hands.

"My dear woman," she says, "you are about to have a nervous breakdown. You need to get away to the country for a rest and vacation."

"Gott in Himmel!" says I. "Don't I know I need a rest? But how? On what money can I go to the country?"

"I know of a nice country place for mothers and children that will not cost you anything. It is free."

"Free! I never heard from it."

"Some kind people have made arrangements so no one need pay," she explains.

Later, in a few days, I just finished up with Masha and Mendel and Frieda and Sonya to send them to school, and I was getting Aby ready for kindergarten, when I hear a knock on the door, and a lady comes in. She had a white starched dress like a nurse and carried a black satchel in her hand.

"I am from the Social Betterment Society," she tells me. "You want to go to the country?"

Before I could say something, she goes over to the baby and pulls out the rubber nipple from her mouth, and to me, she says, "You must not get the child used to sucking this; it is very unsanitary."

"Gott in Himmel!" I beg the lady. "Please don't begin with that child, or she'll holler my head off. She must have the nipple. I'm too nervous to hear her scream like that."



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When I put the nipple back again in the baby's mouth, the lady takes herself a seat, and then takes out a big black book from her satchel. Then she begins to question me. What is my first name? How old I am? From where come I? How long I'm already in this country? Do I keep any boarders? What is my husband's first name? How old he is? How long he is in this country? By what trade he works? How much wages he gets for a week? How much money do I spend out for rent? How old are the children, and everything about them.

"My goodness!" I cry out. "For why is it necessary all this to know? For why must I tell you all my business? What difference does it make already if I keep boarders, or I don't keep boarders? If Masha had the whooping cough or Sonya had the measles? Or whether I spend out for my rent ten dollars or twenty? Or whether I come from Schnipishock or Kovner Gubernie?"

"We must make a record of all the applicants, and investigate each case," she tells me. "There are so many who apply to the charities, we can help only those who are most worthy."

"Charities!" I scream out. "Ain't the charities those who help the beggars out? I ain't no beggar. I'm not asking for no charity. My husband, he works."

"Miss Holcomb, the visiting teacher, said that you wanted to go to the country, and I had to make out this report before investigating your case."

"Oh! oh!" I choke and bite my lips. "Is the free country from which Miss Holcolmb told me, is it from the charities? She was telling me some kind people made arrangements for any mother what needs to go there."

"If your application is approved, you will be notified," she says to me, and out she goes.

When she is gone, I think to myself, I'd better knock out from my head this idea about the country. For so long I lived, I didn't know nothing about the charities. For why should I come down among the beggars now?

Then I looked around me in the kitchen. On one side was the big wash-tub with clothes, waiting for me to wash. On the table was a pile of breakfast dishes yet. In the sink was the

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potatoes, waiting to be peeled. The baby was beginning to cry for the bottle. Aby was hollering and pulling me to take him to kindergarten. I felt if I didn't get away from here for a little while, I would land in a crazy house, or from the window jump down. Which was worser, to land in a crazy house, jump from the window down, or go to the country from the charities?

In about two weeks later, around comes the same lady with the satchel again in my house.

"You can go to the country to-morrow," she tells me. "And you must come to the charity building to-morrow at nine o'clock sharp. Here is a card with the address. Don't lose it, because you must hand it to the lady in the office."

I look on the card, and there I see my name wrote; and by it, in big printed letters, that word "CHARITY."

"Must I go to the charity office?" I ask, feeling my heart to sink. "For why must I come there?"

"It is the rule that everybody comes to the office first, and from there they are taken to the country."

I shivered to think how I would feel, suppose somebody from my friends should see me walking into the charity office with my children. They wouldn't know that it is only for the country I go there. They might think I go to beg. Have I come down so low as to be seen by the charities? But what's the use? Should I knock my head on the walls? I had to go.

When I come to the office, I already found a crowd of women and children sitting on long benches and waiting. I took myself a seat with them, and we were sitting and sitting and looking on one another, side-ways and cross-wise, and with lowered eyes, like guilty criminals. Each one felt like hiding herself from all the rest. Each one felt black with shame in the face.

We may have been sitting and waiting for an hour or more. But every second was seeming years to me. The children began to get restless. Mendel wanted water. The baby on my arms was falling asleep. Aby was crying for something to eat. "For why are we sittin' here like fat cats?" says the woman next to me. "Ain't we going to the country to-day yet?"

At last a lady comes to the desk and begins calling us our names, one by one. I nearly dropped to the floor when over she

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begins to ask: Do you keep boarders? How much do you spend out for rent? How much wages does your man get for a week?

Didn't the nurse tell them all about us already? It was bitter enough to have to tell the nurse everything, but in my own house nobody was hearing my troubles, only the nurse. But in the office there was so many strangers all around me. For why should everybody have to know my business? At every question I wanted to holler out, "Stop! Stop! I don't want no vacations! I'll better run home with my children." At every question, I felt like she was stabbing a knife into my heart. And she kept on stabbing me more and more, but I could not help it, and they were all looking at me. I couldn't move from her. I had to answer everything.

When she got through with me, my face was red like fire. I was burning with hurts and wounds. I felt like everything was bleeding in me.

When all the names was already called, a man doctor with a nurse comes in, and tells us to form a line, to be examined. I wish I could ease out my heart a little, and tell in words how that doctor looked on us, just because we were poor and had no money to pay. He only used the ends from his finger tips to examine us with. From the way he was afraid to touch us or come near us, he made us feel like we had some catching sickness that he was trying not to get on him.

The doctor got finished with us in about five minutes, so quick he worked. Then we was told to walk after the nurse, who was leading the way for us through the street to the car. Everybody what passed us in the street, turned around to look on us. I kept down my eyes and held down my head and I felt like sinking into the sidewalk. All the time I was trembling for fear somebody what knows me might yet pass and see me. For why did they make us walk through the street, after the nurse, like stupid cows? Weren't all of us smart enough to find our way without the nurse? Why should the whole world have to see that we are from the charities?

When we got into the train, I opened my eyes, and lifted up my head, and straightened out my chest, and again began to breathe. It was a beautiful, sunshiny day. I knocked open the

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window from the train, and the fresh-smelling country air rushed upon my face and made me feel so fine! I looked out from the window and instead of seeing the iron fire-escapes with garbage cans and bed-clothes, that I always seen when from my flat I looked—instead of seeing only walls and wash lines between walls, I saw the blue sky, and green grass and trees and flowers.

Ah, how grand I felt, just on the sky to look! Ah, how grand I felt just to see the green grass—and the free space—and no houses!

"Get away from me, my troubles!" I said. "Leave me rest a minute. Leave me breathe and straighten out my bones. Forget the unpaid butcher's bill. Forget the rent. Forget the wash-tub and the cook-stove and the pots and pans. Forget the charities!"

"Tickets, please," calls the train conductor.

I felt knocked out from heaven all at once. I had to point to the nurse what held our tickets, and I was feeling the conductor looking on me as if to say, "Oh, you are only from the charities."

By the time we came to the vacation house I already forgot all about my knock-down. I was again filled with the beauty of the country. I never in all my life yet seen such a swell house like that vacation house. Like the grandest palace it looked. All round the front, flowers from all colors was smelling out the sweetest perfume. Here and there was shady trees with comfortable chairs under them to sit down on.

When I only came inside, my mouth opened wide and my breathing stopped still from wonder. I never yet seen such an order and such a cleanliness. From all the corners from the room, the cleanliness was shining like a looking-glass. The floor was so white scrubbed you could eat on it. You couldn't find a speck of dust on nothing, if you was looking for it with eye-glasses on.

I was beginning to feel happy and glad that I come, when, Gott in Himmel! again a lady begins to ask us out the same questions what the nurse already asked me in my home and what was asked over again in the charity office. How much wages my husband makes out for a week? How much money I spend out for rent? Do I keep boarders?

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We were hungry enough to faint. So worn out was I from excitement, and from the long ride, that my knees were bending under me ready to break from tiredness. The children were pulling me to pieces, nagging me for a drink, for something to eat and such like. But still we had to stand out the whole list of questionings. When she already got through asking us out everything, she gave to each of us a tag with our name written on it. She told us to tie the tag on our hand. Then like tagged horses at a horse sale in the street, they marched us into the dining-room.

There was rows of long tables, covered with pure white oilcloth. A vase with bought flowers was standing on the middle from each table. Each person got a clean napkin for himself. Laid out by the side from each person's plate was a silver knife and fork and spoon and teaspoon. When we only sat ourselves down, girls with white starched aprons was passing around the eatings.

I soon forgot again all my troubles. For the first time in ten years, I sat down to a meal what I did not have to cook or worry about. For the first time in ten years, I sat down to the table like a somebody. Ah, how grand it feels, to have handed you over the eatings and everything you need. Just as I was beginning to like it and let myself feel good, in comes a fat lady all in white, with a teacher's look on her face. I could tell already, right away by the way she looked on us, that she was the boss from this place.

"I want to read you the rules from this house, before you leave this room," says she to us.

Then she began like this: We dassn't stand on the front grass where the flowers are. We dassn't stay on the front porch. We dassn't sit on the chairs under the shady trees. We must stay always in the back and sit on those long wooden benches there. We dassn't come in the front sitting-room or walk on the front steps what have carpet on it—we must walk on the back iron steps. Everything on the front from the house must be kept perfect for the show for visitors. We dassn't lay down on the beds in the daytime, the beds must always be made up perfect for the show for visitors.

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"Gott in Himmel!" thinks I to myself; "ain't there going to be no end to the things we dassn't do in this place?"

But still she went on. The children over two years dassn't stay around by the mothers. They must stay by the nurse in the play room. By the meal-times, they can see their mothers. The children dassn't run around the house, or tear up flowers or do anything. They dassn't holler or play rough in the play-room. They must always behave and obey the nurse.

We must always listen to the bells. Bell one was for getting up. Bell two, for getting babies' bottles. Bell three, for coming to breakfast. Bell four, for bathing the babies. If we come later, after the ring from the bell, then we'll not get what we need. If the bottle bell rings and we don't come right away for the bottle, then the baby don't get no bottle. If the breakfast bell rings, and we don't come right away down to the breakfast, then there won't be no breakfast for us.

When she got through with reading the rules, I was wondering which side of the house I was to walk on. At every step was some rule what said, don't move here, and don't go there, don't stand there, and don't sit there. If I tried to remember the endless rules, it would only make me dizzy in the head. I was thinking, for why with so many rules, didn't they also have already another rule, about how much air in our lungs to breathe.

On every few days there came to the house swell ladies in automobiles. It was for them that the front from the house had to be always perfect. For them was all the beautiful smelling flowers. For them the front porch, the front sitting-room and the easy stairs with the carpet on it.

Always when the rich ladies came, the fat lady, what was the boss from the vacation-house, showed off to them the front. Then she took them over to the back to look on us, where we was sitting together, on long wooden benches, like prisoners. I was always feeling cheap like dirt, and mad that I had to be there, when they smiled down on us.

"How nice for these poor creatures to have a restful place like this," I heard one lady say.

The next day, I already felt like going back. The children

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what had to stay by the nurse in the play-room didn't like it neither.

"Mama," says Mendel to me, "I wisht I was home and out in the street. They don't let us do nothing here. It's worser than school."

"Ain't it a play-room?" asks I. "Don't they let you play?"

"Gee wiss! play-room, they call it! The nurse hollers on us all the time. She don't let us do nothing."

The reason why I stayed out the whole two weeks, is this: I think to myself, so much shame in the face I suffered to come here, let me at least make the best from it already. Let me at least save up for two weeks what I got to spend out for grocery and butcher for my back bills to pay out. And then also think I to myself, if I go back on Monday, I got to do the big washing; on Tuesday waits for me the ironing; on Wednesday, the scrubbing and cleaning, and so goes it on. How bad it is already in this place, it's a change from the very same sameness of what I'm having day in and day out at home. And so I stayed out this vacation to the bitter end.

But at last the day for going out from this prison came. On the way riding back, I kept thinking to myself: "This is such a beautiful vacation house. For why do they make it so hard for us? When a mother needs a vacation, why must they tear the insides out from her first, by making her come down to the charity office? Why drag us from the charity office through the streets? And when we live through the shame of the charities and when we come already to the vacation house, for why do they boss the life out of us with so many rules and bells? For why don't they let us lay down our heads on the bed, when we are tired? For why must we always stick in the back, like dogs what have got to be chained in one spot? If they would let us walk around free, would we bite off something from the front part of the house?

"If the best part of the house what is comfortable is made up for a show for visitors, why ain't they keeping the whole business for a show for visitors? For why do they have to fool in worn-out mothers, to make them think they'll give them a rest?

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Do they need the worn-out mothers as part of the show? I guess that is it, already."

When I got back in my home, so happy and thankful I was, I could cry from thankfulness. How good it was feeling for me to be able to move around my own house, like I pleased. I was always kicking that my rooms was small and narrow, but now my small rooms seemed to grow so big like the park. I looked out from my window on the fire-escapes, full with bedding and garbage cans, and on the wash lines full with the clothes. All these ugly things was grand in my eyes. Even the high brick walls all around made me feel like a bird what just jumped out from a cage. And I cried out, "Gott sei dank! Gott sei dank!"

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# HERBERT SPENCER'S "FROM FREEDOM TO BONDAGE"

WITH COMMENTS BY

AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER

[*As explained in Mr. Truxtun Beale's article on "The State v. the Man in America," in the August number of* THE FORUM, *several of Herbert Spencer's essays dealing with excessive governmental activity are being reprinted, with comments by eminent living Americans. Among future contributors will be Nicholas Murray Butler, David Jayne Hill, Charles W. Eliot, Augustus P. Gardner and William Howard Taft.*—EDITOR]

## *MR. GARDNER'S COMMENTS*

SOCIALISTS do not agree on the definition of Socialism and Individualists do not agree on the definition of Individualism. The fact is that Socialism is a tendency toward one extreme and Individualism is a tendency toward another extreme. The ultimate limit of Socialism is a State in which private property no longer exists and the State doles out supplies to meet man's daily needs. The ultimate limit of Individualism is a State which interferes with no business enterprise whatsoever, where even the Post Office is privately conducted and where taxes are apportioned not according to a man's means or his ability to bear the burden, but in proportion to what the community pays out for his particular benefit. There are few extreme Socialists in the United States and still fewer extreme Individualists.

Most Socialists believe that the State ought to own all capital and all land. In other words, they wish to supersede a system under which too few people own either capital or land with a system under which nobody at all owns either capital or land. At least, that is what the average Socialist philosopher wishes or thinks that he wishes—I doubt whether the average Socialist



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voter has any such desire. I represent in Congress a district which at times has cast a heavy Socialist vote. The City of Haverhill is in my district. For many years, Haverhill regularly elected a Socialist Mayor. Even now, one of her Representatives in the Massachusetts Legislature is a Socialist. It is my deliberate opinion that the average man who votes the Socialist ticket in the district which I represent does so because he thinks that he was left out on the last deal and so he wants a new one. That man is no idealist; but he wants his share and he doesn't think he got it when the shares were being handed around.

If the rank and file of the Socialist party really believed that the future holds in store a successful coöperative State, they would clamor for an authoritative statement as to how that State is going to be managed. For instance, they would insist on knowing whether family life is to be interfered with or whether men and women are to be permitted to have as many children as they wish. They would insist on knowing whether the citizens of the Socialist State are to receive equal remuneration or unequal remuneration and, if the latter, who is to have the delicate job of drawing the line. Are the lazy and vicious and incompetent to receive as much as the energetic and steady and resourceful? If so, what will become of the virtues of energy, steadiness and resourcefulness? If not, what will become of the dream of equality? Is the bachelor to receive as much as the father of a big family? If so, how is the father going to contrive to make a single food allowance suffice for a brood? If not, will the bachelors and the men with small families consent to leave family life unregulated by the State?

Lord Salisbury once said of Socialists, "Where they are precise they are not agreed, and where they are agreed they are not precise." To this John Spargo replies in *Socialism,* "It is when we come to the question of the spirit of the economic organization of the future, the methods of direction and management, that the light fails, and we must grope our way into the 'Great Unknown' with imagination and our sense of justice for guides." But the Socialist State is not the "Great Unknown." The last one hundred years have seen nearly one

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hundred Socialist communities come and go, to say nothing of the great experiment of the French nation after the revolution of 1848.

If there is one thing about human nature that these experiments in applied Socialism have proved, it is this:—A man will cheerfully die for his country; but he will cheerfully sweat only for himself and his family. If this lesson had not already been taught us by the failure of all the Socialist communities, it could be learned to-day by studying the contrast between the attitude of the Britisher now mining coal or making ammunition at home and the attitude of that same Britisher when transformed into Private Thomas Atkins in a Flanders trench.

Spencer did not write *From Liberty to Bondage* for the purpose of proving Socialism unworkable or immoral or unjust. Other essays of Spencer are designed for that purpose. This essay as much as says to the working-man, "Let us suppose for the sake of argument that you establish a Socialistic State, you will not like it when you get it because your liberty must necessarily be taken away from you."

In America men and women decide for themselves what their walk in life is to be. Under our Individualist system the ambitious boy sees that the widest choice of careers is open to him. Under Socialism the community, not the individual, must decide which boys are to be trained as farmers, which boys are to be trained as butchers, which boys are to be trained as scavengers, which boys are to be trained to work in factories, and which boys are to be trained for the learned professions and the clerical positions.

Imagine if you can the girls of a community when they reach the age for assignment to their life's tasks. Let us suppose the examinations over, the records all made up and the lists published. One little maid finds she is to be trained for menial service, another finds that she is to be trained to work in a factory, a third finds she is to be trained for the lecture platform. Will those maids upon whom the door of hope has been closed believe that all is for the best in this ideal Socialist world? Will their fathers and their mothers and their sisters and their brothers bow humbly to the great committeemen who made up

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the record and prepared the examination? Is all this fanciful? I think not.

Study the history of the hundred or more Socialist communities which have been established to prove that a coöperative commonwealth is workable. Ponder the words of Sidney Webb, most far sighted of English Socialist writers of to-day. He lays it down as a fundamental principle that there must be strict subordination and discipline in the Socialist State and that "no one could or should have the right to ask that he shall be employed at the particular job which suits his particular fancy or taste."

In *From Liberty to Bondage,* Herbert Spencer formulated the doctrine that the growth of the clamor against the world's evils is in direct ratio to their diminution. "A century ago," says Spencer, "when scarcely a man could be found who was not occasionally intoxicated, and when inability to take one or two bottles of wine brought contempt, no agitation arose against the vice of drunkenness." Similarly he pointed out that in the days when the treatment of women was worst the consciousness of that ill treatment seems to have been least. If Spencer had been an American he might have pointed out that evolution, not clamor and not legislation, has discontinued the old New England practice of regaling the company with a barrel of rum on the occasion of raising the frame of a church.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since Spencer wrote. Can any honest observer fail to note that in that quarter century natural forces of evolution have still further enthroned weak women and still further dethroned strong wine? Yet even the sympathetic ear drum grows numb as the combat deepens for the complete emancipation of the one and the complete subjection of the other.

The point Spencer makes is that the more it becomes evident that the lot of the working man is being ameliorated and that one problem after another is being solved by natural forces, the more insistent becomes the Socialist demand that the whole structure of society shall be torn down and an entirely different one substituted in its place. "As fast as natural causes are shown to be

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powerful there grows up the belief that they are powerless," to quote the words of this essay.

If Spencer were alive to-day he could not fail to note another phenomenon quite as paradoxical. In this day and generation, when men more than ever before are impatient of restraint, the demand has amazingly increased for a social system which of necessity must curtail their liberty.

Let us consider a few of the many practical experiments in Socialism which have been made in the last one hundred years. Let us see whether such little success as any of them temporarily attained was or was not purchased at the price of liberty.

To impeach successfully the motives or the sincerity of the founders of Socialist communities and the leaders of Socialism is neither profitable nor easy. Men have shown themselves willing to live and die for Socialism. Men have been willing to ruin themselves for Socialism. But then it is well to remember that there have been few creeds so pagan or so mad that they have failed to attract fanatics ready to throw away life and property as lightly as a maiden throws away a withered rose. Socialism is not the only Juggernaut under whose wheels the faithful have gladly prostrated themselves.

Probably this world never saw a more sincere or self-sacrificing man than William Lane, the Australian who organized the most scientific Socialist community of recent years. The pen with which Herbert Spencer wrote of the "bondage" of Socialism was scarcely dry ere Lane began his preparations for the great experiment destined to prove Spencer right. "New Australia" was the name given to the bountiful tract of land which the Government of Paraguay set aside as a grant for the sturdy Australians who followed William Lane.

Never was a Socialist community founded with a brighter chance of success. At the head a shrewd and honest enthusiast. For the rank and file, a body of colonists of whom the British Foreign Office Report said in 1895 that they were "as fine a set of men and women as it was possible to collect anywhere." Said the Sydney (New South Wales) *Daily Telegraph:* "There is no denying the fact that the New Australia movement is calling

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from the ranks of Australian labor many of its best and most worthy representatives." A grant from the Paraguayan Government of 350,000 acres which the examiner for the British Legation in Buenos Aires in an official report described as in his opinion "the best land in Paraguay"; a climate remarkably healthy; one hundred thousand dollars capital, of which the leader, William Lane, contributed $5,000, his life savings;—everything was foreseen and all necessities provided—except a change in human nature.

The voyage from Australia was no sooner begun than the inevitable question arose, "Who shall have the pleasant jobs and who the dirty ones?" Who are to be the lucky ones to do secretarial work and who are to be the laundresses for the sixty bachelors on board the ship? Who are to be foremen when the settlement is organized and who are to take orders?

Grahame in his account of "New Australia" says, "Before sailing it had been arranged that such matters of detail would be adjusted by mutual agreement. Nobody foresaw how unlikely it was that an individual, who was quite famous on the Downs as a crack shearer, would consent to be anything less than a foreman, although there would be no shearing to be done at New Australia." Finally a committee was selected to apportion the duties and the foremanships, with the result that a large number of the Utopians believed that they were unjustly treated. "No matter what was proposed by this committee, or for that matter, by any committee," complained Mrs. Lane, the leader's wife, "a large section of the members were sure to flout it with a string of captious objections."

Soon the New Australians found themselves forced to give Lane arbitrary authority; but that plan worked no better. Unmarried men could not see the justice of their working for the benefit of the children of married men. Increasing families were looked on askance by those whose families were not increasing. Things went from bad to worse. Instead of augmenting their property the colonists consumed it at an alarming pace. Pretty soon the control of Lane was shaken off and a pure Democracy established. Meanwhile a secession had taken place and the British Consul at Asuncion had an army of destitute Australians

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on his hands. The British Government sent Mr. M. de C. Findlay to investigate. Here is an extract from Mr. Findlay's report. "They came to found Utopia, and before I visited the colony had succeeded in creating (as they said) 'a hell upon earth.' . . . I feel morally certain that if the colony had been started on an individualistic basis (each colonist receiving an allotment), and with no complicated regulations to fight over, not a man would have left the settlement."

But unfortunately many a man found that he could not take his wife and children and leave the settlement, so he took the next most obvious step. He refused to let any one share in the products of his labor. The sacred doctrine of "All for one and one for All" became hateful in the colonists' ears. They voted to abandon Socialism. Then they went to the Paraguayan Government and had the land grant reallotted in individual holdings and to-day they are fast recovering from the blight which Socialism cast on them.

I have dwelt at some length on the New Australia experiment because it is one of the most recent and most scientific. It was undertaken some two years after the date of Spencer's prophetic essay. *From Liberty to Bondage* predicted the impossibility of a Socialist State wherein men should be permitted to choose their own occupations. Amply did New Australia prove that in a Socialist State men must submit to the direction of leaders who are not responsible to them on Election Day.

There have been two other recent Australian experiments, one fostered by the Government of South Australia and the other by the Government of Queensland. The Murray River Settlement in South Australia broke down from three causes. First, unmarried men refused to work unless they received substantially the same shares as married men with families. Second, quarrels ensued as to how much work each group should perform. Third, the community could not agree on the farming operations to be undertaken. The Alice River Settlement in Queensland is the most recent failure. It abandoned Socialism in 1908.

But it is in the fertile States of this Union that the greatest number of Socialist communities have been founded. Repeated

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failures for a long time did not daunt the enthusiasts. Indeed it almost seemed as if each successive failure only served to propagate a crop of new experiments.

Americans have always fought the theory that history repeats itself. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again" is a very popular hymn with us, confirmed optimists that we are and must be. But what shall we say if we continue to fail until seventy times seven times? What if the cause of our failure always reveals a quality in human nature which defies attempts to change it? After all, why should history repeat itself if human nature were continually changing for the better? Is not the very fact that history repeats itself merely another way of expressing the truth that like causes produce like results, and that human nature is the one "cause" which always remains a constant factor?

Just because Hawthorne and Dana and Ripley and Channing were participants, we are apt to look on Brook Farm as the best equipped Socialist community ever established in this country. Nothing could be further from the truth. The intellectual elevation of the Brook Farmers was certain to bring about the early obsequies of their experiment. No one yields to discipline less readily than your intellectual. Ask any officer of the Spanish War what he knows about the obstinacy of the "thinking bayonets" from our colleges.

The Socialist leader, Hillquit, in his *History of Socialism in the United States* says: "Fourierism was the first Socialist system to attain the dignity of a national movement in the United States. The movement lasted about a decade, from 1840 to 1850, and produced over forty social experiments in different parts of the country." Hillquit might have added that each one of these forty experiments proved a deplorable failure and that pretty nearly all of them were characterized by a revolt against the discipline which the leaders imposed;—a discipline, by the way, which was obviously essential if starvation was to be averted.

At least a dozen American Owenite communities came to grief with substantially the same history to record as that of the Fourier Phalanxes. The Icarian settlements fared no better.

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The only Socialist communities which showed any vigor at any time were the religious settlements of the Shakers and other sects. But even these religious experiments are to-day all dead or moribund. The only settlement which still shows much life is the Amana community, which covers seven fertile villages in Iowa. The census of 1910 showed that even this especially favored settlement is slightly falling off in population.

Hinds, the Oneida Socialist, in 1878 wrote a glowing account of Amana. For that matter, in the same book, he wrote a glowing account of the Oneida Community. Relentless evolution turned the Oneida Community into a joint stock company just two years later. But, to revert to Amana:—Hinds tells us that in that community marriage is discouraged, that women work in the field, that "these communists are not a reading people." The first of the Amana "Rules for Daily Life" is "To obey, without reasoning, God, and through God, our superiors," and another "Rule" bids them "Fly from the society of womenkind as much as possible." As a reward Hinds tells us that each Amana dweller is "sure of enough to eat and drink and wear so long as he lives." A fuller saucer of cream and no hope, in other words. Think of it:—seventeen hundred people living on some forty square miles of Iowa farming land, and this is the sole success to which Socialism can point. I fancy, for that matter, that a Socialist experiment might survive in the Schloss Johannesburg vineyard. Schloss Johannesburg wine is worth five or ten dollars a bottle and that price is sufficiently remunerative easily to offset the economic handicap of Socialism.

East, West, North and South, all over the world, Socialist communities have gone to pieces, and yet hope springs eternal in the human breast.

How singular it is that the Socialist writers pay such slight attention to the national workshops established by the French Revolutionary Government in 1848. Few experiments in history are better worth studying. It took only a few months to show that the national workshop must either be a gigantic workhouse under the most exacting of masters or else a gigantic

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pandemonium of uncontrolled idleness. Lest any one should think this picture overdrawn, consider the words of Victor Hugo, poet, radical, banished from France because he was a menace to the Government of Louis Napoleon. Speaking in the French National Assembly, in 1848, he said: "The national workshops have proved a disastrous experiment. The wealthy idler we know well; you have created a person a hundred times more dangerous, both to himself and others—the pauper idler."

Failure, failure, and again failure. Yet the Socialist philosopher clings to the doctrine of the co-operative State. In the nineties during the heyday of Australian experiments in Socialist Communities, Professor Robert Flint of the University of Edinburgh wrote these words: "Wherever Communistic Associations have not proved failures as industrial or economic experiments, their success has been dependent on two conditions—namely, a small membership and a strict discipline; the one of which proves that Communism cannot be applied to nations, and the other of which shows that it is not in harmony with the temper of a Democratic age." Professor Flint is the author of *Socialism,* a not unkindly criticism of the dismal creed of "equality in hopelessness." Were Professor Flint to write to-day, now that all the promising socialist communities of the 'nineties have failed, how much stronger he could have made his criticism.

The institution of private property will not be abolished in this country, so long as the penniless boy sees a reasonable chance to get some of it. But if ever the young men get it firmly fixed in their minds that they never can possess their own homes, then look out for trouble. It is ill arguing with empty stomachs and angry men will blindly destroy that which many generations cannot replace.

Thank the Lord the rising generation has no right to say that the door of opportunity is other than wide open. The rapidity with which wealth is acquired even by the uneducated immigrant is nothing short of marvellous. To those who think that the rich are growing richer and the poor growing poorer, I commend an inspection of the lists of automobile and motor cycle owners. If only those who were born with dollars in their cradles owned automobiles and motor cycles there would not be enough busi-

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ness going on to keep the sales agents from starving to death. And yet Socialists say that it is a self-evident fact that we are getting nearer Socialism every day. I deny it. It is perfectly true that every day sees more and more socialistic legislation passed, if we define socialistic legislation as a body of law which is designed to make A pay for that which B, C and D enjoy. Bless your soul, the passage of such laws doesn't mean that B, C and D are Socialists. It merely means that they are human and so they readily find arguments for voting to make A pay for their roads or their postage or their electric lights. No town meeting in New England votes for town water works or town electricity because the people have any theories about Government ownership. In their inmost souls they probably think that Government management is about as costly a piece of mechanism as can be devised. But they want their water works and they want their electric lights and they know that they can get them cheap if the town provides them, because the taxpayer has got to shoulder the bill for any deficiency in the balance sheet. It may be true that we are speeding towards Government ownership of railroads, but it is not because of Karl Marx or Robert Owen or any other socialist philosopher. On the contrary it is because of the plain logic of the circumstances which confront Smith, Brown and Robinson. Smith, the shipper, must have low freight rates or he is convinced that he cannot compete. Consequently, the Government makes the railroad give him low freight rates. Thereupon Brown, the locomotive engineer, finds that there is no surplus fund out of which to grant him increased wages wherewith to meet the higher cost of living. Naturally Brown begins to think about the Government and the unlimited funds at its disposal. About this time Robinson, the stockholder, discovers that he cannot make any money with Smith pressing him on one side and Brown pressing him on the other and the Government teetering up and down in between.

Thereupon Robinson, the stockholder, visits his lawyer and instructs that astute gentleman to quit fighting Government ownership and devote his energy to getting the Government to pay a good price for his railroad. So, the first thing we know we

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find Smith, Brown and Robinson joining hands and tripping a merry measure, while off in a corner sits the doleful taxpayer with his purse open to pay the piper.

And yet, for all that, I do not think that we are getting nearer to Socialism. If I thought that Government ownership would pay, I admit that I should have some apprehensions. Not only do I believe that it will not pay, but I doubt whether any one at heart expects it to pay on any proper system of bookkeeping. What then do I think will happen? Do I think that Government ownership will spread? Yes. Do I think that State expenditures in the way of pensions for the indigent and insurance against sickness and guarantees against unemployment will increase? Yes. Then why shall we not ultimately come to Socialism? Because, when taxation becomes so high that an increased rate brings a diminished return to the tax-gatherer, at that moment the tide must turn and will turn, unless the community really believes that production can be more economically carried on by functionaries than by private citizens. Even then I doubt whether the American of to-morrow will accept the juicier steak and the life long regimentation which the International Socialist offers and relinquish that hope for personal advancement and that hard-won liberty which is the glory of our national life.

## FROM FREEDOM TO BONDAGE

Of the many ways in which common-sense inferences about social affairs are flatly contradicted by events (as when measures taken to suppress a book cause increased circulation of it, or as when attempts to prevent usurious rates of interest make the terms harder for the borrower, or as when there is greater difficulty in getting things at the places of production than elsewhere) one of the most curious is the way in which the more things improve the louder become the exclamations about their badness.

In days when the people were without any political power, their subjection was rarely complained of; but after free institutions had so far advanced in England that our political arrangements were envied by continental peoples, the denunciations of aristocratic rule grew gradually stronger, until there came a great widening of the franchise, soon followed by complaints that things were going wrong for want of still further widening. If we trace up the treatment of women from the days

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of savagedom, when they bore all the burdens and after the men had eaten received such food as remained, up through the middle ages when they served the men at their meals, to our own day when throughout our social arrangements the claims of women are always put first, we see that along with the worst treatment there went the least apparent consciousness that the treatment was bad; while now that they are better treated than ever before, the proclaiming of their grievances daily strengthens: the loudest outcries coming from "the paradise of women," America. A century ago, when scarcely a man could be found who was not occasionally intoxicated, and when inability to take one or two bottles of wine brought contempt, no agitation arose against the vice of drunkenness; but now that, in the course of fifty years, the voluntary efforts of temperance societies, joined with more general causes, have produced comparative sobriety, there are vociferous demands for laws to prevent the ruinous effects of the liquor traffic. Similarly again with education. A few generations back, ability to read and write was practically limited to the upper and middle classes, and the suggestion that the rudiments of culture should be given to laborers was never made, or, if made, ridiculed; but when, in the days of our grandfathers, the Sunday-school system, initiated by a few philanthropists, began to spread and was followed by the establishment of day-schools, with the result that among the masses those who could read and write were no longer the exceptions, and the demand for cheap literature rapidly increased, there began the cry that the people were perishing for lack of knowledge, and that the State must not simply educate them but must force education upon them.

And so is it, too, with the general state of the population in respect of food, clothing, shelter, and the appliances of life. Leaving out of the comparison early barbaric states, there has been a conspicuous progress from the time when most rustics lived on barley bread, rye bread, and oatmeal, down to our own time when the consumption of white wheaten bread is universal—from the days when coarse jackets reaching to the knees left the legs bare, down to the present day when laboring people, like their employers, have the whole body covered, by two or more layers of clothing—from the old era of single-roomed huts without chimneys, or from the 15th century when even an ordinary gentleman's house was commonly without wainscot or plaster on its walls, down to the present century when every cottage has more rooms than one and the houses of artizans usually have several, while all have fire-places, chimneys, and glazed windows, accompanied mostly by paper-hangings and painted doors; there has been, I say, a conspicuous progress in the condition of the people. And this progress has been still more marked within our own time. Any one who can look back 60 years, when the amount of pauperism was far greater than now and beggars abundant, is struck by the comparative size and finish of the new houses occupied by operatives—by the better dress

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of workmen, who wear broad-cloth on Sundays, and that of servant girls, who vie with their mistresses—by the higher standard of living which leads to a great demand for the best qualities of food by working people: all results of the double change to higher wages and cheaper commodities, and a distribution of taxes which has relieved the lower classes at the expense of the upper classes. He is struck, too, by the contrast between the small space which popular welfare then occupied in public attention, and the large space it now occupies, with the result that outside and inside Parliament, plans to benefit the millions form the leading topics, and everyone having means is expected to join in some philanthropic effort. Yet while elevation, mental and physical, of the masses is going on far more rapidly than ever before—while the lowering of the death-rate proves that the average life is less trying, there swells louder and louder the cry that the evils are so great that nothing short of a social revolution can cure them. In presence of obvious improvements, joined with that increase of longevity which even alone yields conclusive proof of general amelioration, it is proclaimed, with increasing vehemence, that things are so bad that society must be pulled to pieces and re-organized on another plan. In this case, then, as in the previous cases instanced, in proportion as the evil decreases the denunciation of it increases; and as fast as natural causes are shown to be powerful there grows up the belief that they are powerless.

Not that the evils to be remedied are small. Let no one suppose that, by emphasizing the above paradox, I wish to make light of the sufferings which most men have to bear. The fates of the great majority have ever been, and doubtless still are, so sad that it is painful to think of them. Unquestionably the existing type of social organization is one which none who care for their kind can contemplate with satisfaction; and unquestionably men's activities accompanying this type are far from being admirable. The strong divisions of rank and the immense inequalities of means, are at variance with that ideal of human relations on which the sympathetic imagination likes to dwell; and the average conduct, under the pressure and excitement of social life as at present carried on, is in sundry respects repulsive. Though the many who revile competition strangely ignore the enormous benefits resulting from it—though they forget that most of the appliances and products distinguishing civilization from savagery, and making possible the maintenance of a large population on a small area, have been developed by the struggle for existence—though they disregard the fact that while every man, as producer, suffers from the under-bidding of competitors, yet, as consumer, he is immensely advantaged by the cheapening of all he has to buy—though they persist in dwelling on the evils of competition and saying nothing of its benefits; yet it is not to be denied that the evils are great, and form a large set-off from the benefits. The system under which we at present live fosters dishonesty and lying. It prompts adulterations of countless

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kinds; it is answerable for the cheap imitations which eventually in many cases thrust the genuine articles out of the market; it leads to the use of short weights and false measures; it introduces bribery, which vitiates most trading relations, from those of the manufacturer and buyer down to those of the shopkeeper and servant; it encourages deception to such an extent that an assistant who cannot tell a falsehood with a good face is blamed; and often it gives the conscientious trader the choice between adopting the malpractices of his competitors, or greatly injuring his creditors by bankruptcy. Moreover, the extensive frauds, common throughout the commercial world and daily exposed in law-courts and newspapers, are largely due to the pressure under which competition places the higher industrial classes; and are otherwise due to that lavish expenditure which, as implying success in the commercial struggle, brings honor. With these minor evils must be joined the major one, that the distribution achieved by the system, gives to those who regulate and superintend, a share of the total produce which bears too large a ratio to the share it gives to the actual workers. Let it not be thought, then, that in saying what I have said above, I under-estimate those vices of our competitive system which, 30 years ago, I described and denounced.* But it is not a question of absolute evils; it is a question of relative evils—whether the evils at present suffered are or are not less than the evils which would be suffered under another system—whether efforts for mitigation along the lines thus far followed are not more likely to succeed than efforts along utterly different lines.

This is the question here to be considered. I must be excused for first of all setting forth sundry truths which are, to some at any rate, tolerably familiar, before proceeding to draw inferences which are not so familiar.

Speaking broadly, every man works that he may avoid suffering. Here, remembrance of the pangs of hunger prompts him; and there, he is prompted by the sight of the slave-driver's lash. His immediate dread may be the punishment which physical circumstances will inflict, or may be punishment inflicted by human agency. He must have a master; but the master may be Nature or may be a fellow man. When he is under the impersonal coercion of Nature, we say that he is free; and when he is under the personal coercion of some one above him, we call him, according to the degree of his dependence, a slave, a serf, or a vassal. Of course I omit the small minority who inherit means: an incidental, and not a necessary, social element. I speak only of the vast majority, both cultured and uncultured, who maintain themselves by labor, bodily or mental, and must either exert themselves of their own unconstrained wills, prompted only by thoughts of naturally-resulting evils or benefits, or must exert

* See essay on "The Morals of Trade."

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themselves with constrained wills, prompted by thoughts of evils and benefits artificially resulting.

Men may work together in a society under either of these two forms of control: forms which, though in many cases mingled, are essentially contrasted. Using the word co-operation in its wide sense, and not in that restricted sense now commonly given to it, we may say that social life must be carried on by either voluntary co-operation or compulsory co-operation; or, to use Sir Henry Maine's words, the system must be that of *contract* or that of *status*—that in which the individual is left to do the best he can by his spontaneous efforts and get success or failure according to his efficiency, and that in which he has his appointed place, works under coercive rule, and has his apportioned share of food, clothing, and shelter.

The system of voluntary co-operation is that by which, in civilized societies, industry is now everywhere carried on. Under a simple form we have it on every farm, where the laborers, paid by the farmer himself and taking orders directly from him, are free to stay or go as they please. And of its more complex form an example is yielded by every manufacturing concern, in which, under partners, come managers and clerks, and under these, time-keepers and over-lookers, and under these operatives of different grades. In each of these cases there is an obvious working together, or co-operation, of employer and employed, to obtain in the one case a crop and in the other case a manufactured stock. And then, at the same time, there is a far more extensive, though unconscious, co-operation with other workers of all grades throughout the society. For while these particular employers and employed are severally occupied with their special kinds of work, other employers and employed are making other things needed for the carrying on of their lives as well as the lives of all others. This voluntary co-operation, from its simplest to its most complex forms, has the common trait that those concerned work together by consent. There is no one to force terms or to force acceptance. It is perfectly true that in many cases an employer may give, or an *employé* may accept, with reluctance: circumstances he says compel him. But what are the circumstances? In the one case there are goods ordered, or a contract entered into, which he cannot supply or execute without yielding; and in the other case he submits to a wage less than he likes because otherwise he will have no money wherewith to procure food and warmth. The general formula is not—"Do this, or I will make you;" but it is—"Do this, or leave your place and take the consequences."

On the other hand, compulsory co-operation is exemplified by an army—not so much by our own army, the service in which is under agreement for a specified period, but in a continental army, raised by conscription. Here, in time of peace, the daily duties—cleaning, parade, drill, sentry work, and the rest—and in time of war the various actions of the camp and the battle-field, are done under command, without room for any

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exercise of choice. Up from the private soldier through the non-commissioned officers and the half-dozen or more grades of commissioned officers, the universal law is absolute obedience from the grade below to the grade above. The sphere of individual will is such only as is allowed by the will of the superior. Breaches of subordination are, according to their gravity, dealt with by deprivation of leave, extra drill, imprisonment, flogging, and, in the last resort, shooting. Instead of the understanding that there must be obedience in respect of specified duties under pain of dismissal; the understanding now is—"Obey in everything ordered under penalty of inflicted suffering and perhaps death."

This form of co-operation, still exemplified in an army, has in days gone by been the form of co-operation throughout the civil population. Everywhere, and at all times, chronic war generates a militant type of structure, not in the body of soldiers only but throughout the community at large. Practically, while the conflict between societies is actively going on, and fighting is regarded as the only manly occupation, the society is the quiescent army and the army the mobilized society: that part which does not take part in battle, composed of slaves, serfs, women, &c., constituting the commissariat. Naturally, therefore, throughout the mass of inferior individuals constituting the commissariat, there is maintained a system of discipline identical in nature if less elaborate. The fighting body being, under such conditions, the ruling body, and the rest of the community being incapable of resistance, those who control the fighting body will, of course, impose their control upon the non-fighting body; and the *régime* of coercion will be applied to it with such modifications only as the different circumstances involve. Prisoners of war become slaves. Those who were free cultivators before the conquest of their country, become serfs attached to the soil. Petty chiefs become subject to superior chiefs; these smaller lords become vassals to over-lords; and so on up to the highest: the social ranks and powers being of like essential nature with the ranks and powers throughout the military organization. And while for the slaves compulsory co-operation is the unqualified system, a co-operation which is in part compulsory is the system that pervades all grades above. Each man's oath of fealty to his suzerain takes the form—"I am your man."

Throughout Europe, and especially in our own country, this system of compulsory co-operation gradually relaxed in rigor, while the system of voluntary co-operation step by step replaced it. As fast as war ceased to be the business of life, the social structure produced by war and appropriate to it, slowly became qualified by the social structure produced by industrial life and appropriate to it. In proportion as a decreasing part of the community was devoted to offensive and defensive activities, an increasing part became devoted to production and distribution. Growing more numerous, more powerful, and taking refuge in towns where it was

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less under the power of the militant class, this industrial population carried on its life under the system of voluntary co-operation. Though municipal governments and guild-regulations, partially pervaded by ideas and usages derived from the militant type of society, were in some degree coercive; yet production and distribution were in the main carried on under agreement—alike between buyers and sellers, and between masters and workmen. As fast as these social relations and forms of activity became dominant in urban populations, they influenced the whole community: compulsory co-operation lapsed more and more, through money commutation for services, military and civil; while divisions of rank became less rigid and class-power diminished. Until at length, restraints exercised by incorporated trades having fallen into desuetude, as well as the rule of rank over rank, voluntary co-operation became the universal principle. Purchase and sale became the law for all kinds of services as well as for all kinds of commodities.

The restlessness generated by pressure against the conditions of existence, perpetually prompts the desire to try a new position. Everyone knows how long-continued rest in one attitude becomes wearisome—everyone has found how even the best easy chair, at first rejoiced in, becomes after many hours intolerable; and change to a hard seat, previously occupied and rejected, seems for a time to be a great relief. It is the same with incorporated humanity. Having by long struggles emancipated itself from the hard discipline of the ancient *régime,* and having discovered that the new *régime* into which it has grown, though relatively easy, is not without stresses and pains, its impatience with these prompts the wish to try another system: which other system is, in principle if not in appearance, the same as that which during past generations was escaped from with much rejoicing.

For as fast as the *régime* of contract is discarded the *régime* of status is of necessity adopted. As fast as voluntary co-operation is abandoned compulsory co-operation must be substituted. Some kind of organization labor must have; and if it is not that which arises by agreement under free competition, it must be that which is imposed by authority. Unlike in appearance and names as it may be to the old order of slaves and serfs, working under masters, who were coerced by barons, who were themselves vassals of dukes or kings, the new order wished for, constituted by workers under foremen of small groups, overlooked by superintendents, who are subject to higher local managers, who are controlled by superiors of districts, themselves under a central government, must be essentially the same in principle. In the one case, as in the other, there must be established grades, and enforced subordination of each grade to the grades above. This is a truth which the communist or the socialist does not dwell upon. Angry with the existing system under which each of us takes

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care of himself, while all of us see that each has fair play, he thinks how much better it would be for all of us to take care of each of us; and he refrains from thinking of the machinery by which this is to be done. Inevitably, if each is to be cared for by all, then the embodied all must get the means—the necessaries of life. What it gives to each must be taken from the accumulated contributions; and it must therefore require from each his proportion—must tell him how much he has to give to the general stock in the shape of production, that he may have so much in the shape of sustentation. Hence, before he can be provided for, he must put himself under orders, and obey those who say what he shall do, and at what hours, and where; and who give him his share of food, clothing, and shelter. If competition is excluded, and with it buying and selling, there can be no voluntary exchange of so much labor for so much produce; but there must be apportionment of the one to the other by appointed officers. This apportionment must be enforced. Without alternative the work must be done, and without alternative the benefit, whatever it may be, must be accepted. For the worker may not leave his place at will and offer himself elsewhere. Under such a system he cannot be accepted elsewhere, save by order of the authorities. And it is manifest that a standing order would forbid employment in one place of an insubordinate member from another place: the system could not be worked if the workers were severally allowed to go or come as they pleased. With corporals and sergeants under them, the captains of industry must carry out the orders of their colonels, and these of their generals, up to the council of the commander-in-chief; and obedience must be required throughout the industrial army as throughout a fighting army. "Do your prescribed duties, and take your apportioned rations," must be the rule of the one as of the other.

"Well, be it so;" replies the socialist. "The workers will appoint their own officers, and these will always be subject to criticisms of the mass they regulate. Being thus in fear of public opinion, they will be sure to act judiciously and fairly; or when they do not, will be deposed by the popular vote, local or general. Where will be the grievance of being under superiors, when the superiors themselves are under democratic control?" And in this attractive vision the socialist has full belief.

Iron and brass are simpler things than flesh and blood, and dead wood than living nerve; and a machine constructed of the one works in more definite ways than an organism constructed of the other,—especially when the machine is worked by the inorganic forces of steam or water, while the organism is worked by the forces of living nerve-centres. Manifestly, then, the ways in which the machine will work are much more readily calculable than the ways in which the organism will work. Yet in how few cases does the inventor foresee rightly the actions of his new apparatus! Read the patent-list, and it will be found that not more than one device

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in fifty turns out to be of any service. Plausible as his scheme seemed to the inventor, one or other hitch prevents the intended operation, and brings out a widely different result from that which he wished.

What, then, shall we say of these schemes which have to do not with dead matters and forces, but with complex living organisms working in ways less readily foreseen, and which involve the co-operation of multitudes of such organisms? Even the units out of which this re-arranged body politic is to be formed are often incomprehensible. Everyone is from time to time surprised by others' behavior, and even by the deeds of relatives who are best known to him. Seeing, then, how uncertainly anyone can foresee the actions of an individual, how can he with any certainty foresee the operation of a social structure? He proceeds on the assumption that all concerned will judge rightly and act fairly—will think as they ought to think, and act as they ought to act; and he assumes this regardless of the daily experiences which show him that men do neither the one nor the other, and forgetting that the complaints he makes against the existing system show his belief to be that men have neither the wisdom nor the rectitude which his plan requires them to have.

Paper constitutions raise smiles on the faces of those who have observed their results; and paper social systems similarly affect those who have contemplated the available evidence. How little the men who wrought the French revolution and were chiefly concerned in setting up the new governmental apparatus, dreamt that one of the early actions of this apparatus would be to behead them all! How little the men who drew up the American Declaration of Independence and framed the republic, anticipated that after some generations the legislature would lapse into the hands of wire-pullers; that its doings would turn upon the contests of office-seekers; that political action would be everywhere vitiated by the intrusion of a foreign element holding the balance between parties; that electors, instead of judging for themselves, would habitually be led to the polls in thousands by their "bosses;" and that respectable men would be driven out of public life by the insults and slanders of professional politicians. Nor were there better previsions in those who gave constitutions to the various other states of the New World, in which unnumbered revolutions have shown with wonderful persistence the contrasts between the expected results of political systems and the achieved results. It has been no less thus with proposed systems of social re-organization, so far as they have been tried. Save where celibacy has been insisted on, their history has been everywhere one of disaster; ending with the history of Cabet's Icarian colony lately given by one of its members, Madame Fleury Robinson, in *The Open Court*—a history of splittings, re-splittings, and re-re-splittings, accompanied by numerous individual secessions and final dissolution. And for the failure of such social schemes, as for the failure of the political schemes, there has been one general cause.

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Metamorphosis is the universal law, exemplified throughout the Heavens and on the Earth: especially throughout the organic world; and above all in the animal division of it. No creature, save the simplest and most minute, commences its existence in a form like that which it eventually assumes; and in most cases the unlikeness is great—so great that kinship between the first and the last forms would be incredible were it not daily demonstrated in every poultry-yard and every garden. More than this is true. The changes of form are often several: each of them being an apparently complete transformation—egg, larva, pupa, imago, for example. And this universal metamorphosis, displayed alike in the development of a planet and of every seed which germinates on its surface, holds also of societies, whether taken as wholes or in their separate institutions. No one of them ends as it begins; and the difference between its original structure and its ultimate structure is such that, at the outset, change of the one into the other would have seemed incredible. In the rudest tribe the chief, obeyed as leader in war, loses his distinctive position when the fighting is over; and even where continued warfare has produced permanent chieftainship, the chief, building his own hut, getting his own food, making his own implements, differs from others only by his predominant influence. There is no sign that in course of time, by conquests and unions of tribes, and consolidations of clusters so formed with other such clusters, until a nation has been produced, there will originate from the primitive chief, one who, as czar or emperor, surrounded with pomp and ceremony, has despotic power over scores of millions, exercised through hundreds of thousands of soldiers and hundreds of thousands of officials. When the early Christian missionaries, having humble externals and passing self-denying lives, spread over pagan Europe, preaching forgiveness of injuries and the returning of good for evil, no one dreamt that in course of time their representatives would form a vast hierarchy, possessing everywhere a large part of the land, distinguished by the haughtiness of its members grade above grade, ruled by military bishops who led their retainers to battle, and headed by a pope exercising supreme power over kings. So, too, has it been with that very industrial system which many are now so eager to replace. In its original form there was no prophecy of the factory-system or kindred organizations of workers. Differing from them only as being the head of his house, the master worked along with his apprentices and a journeyman or two, sharing with them his table and accommodation, and himself selling their joint produce. Only with industrial growth did there come employment of a larger number of assistants, and a relinquishment, on the part of the master, of all other business than that of superintendence. And only in the course of recent times did there evolve the organizations under which the labors of hundreds and thousands of men receiving wages, are regulated by various orders of paid officials under a single or multiple head. These originally small, semi-socialistic, groups

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of producers, like the compound families or house-communities of early ages, slowly dissolved because they could not hold their ground: the larger establishments, with better sub-division of labor, succeeded because they ministered to the wants of society more effectually. But we need not go back through the centuries to trace transformations sufficiently great and unexpected. On the day when £30,000 a year in aid of education was voted as an experiment, the name of idiot would have been given to an opponent who prophesied that in 50 years the sum spent through imperial taxes and local rates would amount to £10,000,000 or who said that the aid to education would be followed by aids to feeding and clothing, or who said that parents and children, alike deprived of all option, would, even if starving, be compelled by fine or imprisonment to conform, and receive that which, with papal assumption, the State calls education. No one, I say, would have dreamt that out of so innocent-looking a germ would have so quickly evolved this tyrannical system, tamely submitted to by people who fancy themselves free.

Thus in social arrangements, as in all other things, change is inevitable. It is foolish to suppose that new institutions set up, will long retain the character given them by those who set them up. Rapidly or slowly they will be transformed into institutions unlike those intended—so unlike as even to be unrecognizable by their devisers. And what, in the case before us, will be the metamorphosis? The answer pointed to by instances above given, and warranted by various analogies, is manifest.

A cardinal trait in all advancing organization is the development of the regulative apparatus. If the parts of a whole are to act together, there must be appliances by which their actions are directed; and in proportion as the whole is large and complex, and has many requirements to be met by many agencies, the directive apparatus must be extensive, elaborate, and powerful. That it is thus with individual organisms needs no saying; and that it must be thus with social organisms is obvious. Beyond the regulative apparatus such as in our own society is required for carrying on national defence and maintaining public order and personal safety, there must, under the *régime* of socialism, be a regulative apparatus everywhere controlling all kinds of production and distribution, and everywhere apportioning the shares of products of each kind required for each locality, each working establishment, each individual. Under our existing voluntary co-operation, with its free contracts and its competition, production and distribution need no official oversight. Demand and supply, and the desire of each man to gain a living by supplying the needs of his fellows, spontaneously evolve that wonderful system whereby a great city has its food daily brought round to all doors or stored at adjacent shops; has clothing for its citizens everywhere at hand in multitudinous varieties; has its houses and furniture and fuel ready made or stocked in each locality; and has mental pabulum from halfpenny papers hourly hawked round, to

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weekly shoals of novels, and less abundant books of instruction, furnished without stint for small payments. And throughout the kingdom, production as well as distribution is similarly carried on with the smallest amount of superintendence which proves efficient; while the quantities of the numerous commodities required daily in each locality are adjusted without any other agency than the pursuit of profit. Suppose now that this industrial *régime* of willinghood, acting spontaneously, is replaced by a *régime* of industrial obedience, enforced by public officials. Imagine the vast administration required for that distribution of all commodities to all people in every city, town and village, which is now effected by traders! Imagine, again, the still more vast administration required for doing all that farmers, manufacturers, and merchants do; having not only its various orders of local superintendents, but its sub-centres and chief centres needed for apportioning the quantities of each thing everywhere needed, and the adjustment of them to the requisite times. Then add the staffs wanted for working mines, railways, roads, canals; the staffs required for conducting the importing and exporting businesses and the administration of mercantile shipping; the staffs required for supplying towns not only with water and gas but with locomotion by tramways, omnibuses, and other vehicles, and for the distribution of power, electric and other. Join with these the existing postal, telegraphic, and telephonic administrations; and finally those of the police and army, by which the dictates of this immense consolidated regulative system are to be everywhere enforced. Imagine all this and then ask what will be the position of the actual workers! Already on the continent, where governmental organizations are more elaborate and coercive than here, there are chronic complaints of the tyranny of bureaucracies—the *hauteur* and brutality of their members. What will these become when not only the more public actions of citizens are controlled, but there is added this far more extensive control of all their respective daily duties? What will happen when the various divisions of this vast army of officials, united by interests common to officialism—the interests of the regulators *versus* those of the regulated—have at their command whatever force is needful to suppress insubordination and act as "saviours of society"? Where will be the actual diggers and miners and smelters and weavers, when those who order and superintend, everywhere arranged class above class, have come, after some generations, to inter-marry with those of kindred grades, under feelings such as are operative in existing classes; and when there have been so produced a series of castes rising in superiority; and when all these, having everything in their own power, have arranged modes of living for their own advantage: eventually forming a new aristocracy far more elaborate and better organized than the old? How will the individual worker fare if he is dissatisfied with his treatment—thinks that he has not an adequate share of the products, or has more to do than can rightly be demanded, or wishes

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to undertake a function for which he feels himself fitted but which is not thought proper for him by his superiors, or desires to make an independent career for himself? This dissatisfied unit in the immense machine will be told he must submit or go. The mildest penalty for disobedience will be industrial excommunication. And if an international organization of labor is formed as proposed, exclusion in one country will mean exclusion in all others—industrial excommunication will mean starvation.

That things must take this course is a conclusion reached not by deduction only, nor only by induction from those experiences of the past instanced above, nor only from consideration of the analogies furnished by organisms of all orders; but it is reached also by observation of cases daily under our eyes. The truth that the regulative structure always tends to increase in power, is illustrated by every established body of men. The history of each learned society, or society for other purpose, shows how the staff, permanent or partially permanent, sways the proceedings and determines the actions of the society with but little resistance, even when most members of the society disapprove: the repugnance to anything like a revolutionary step being ordinarily an efficient deterrent. So is it with joint-stock companies—those owning railways for example. The plans of a board of directors are usually authorized with little or no discussion; and if there is any considerable opposition, this is forthwith crushed by an overwhelming number of proxies sent by those who always support the existing administration. Only when the misconduct is extreme does the resistance of shareholders suffice to displace the ruling body. Nor is it otherwise with societies formed of working men and having the interests of labor especially at heart—the trades-unions. In these, too, the regulative agency becomes all powerful. Their members, even when they dissent from the policy pursued, habitually yield to the authorities they have set up. As they cannot secede without making enemies of their fellow workmen, and often losing all chance of employment, they succumb. We are shown, too, by the late congress, that already, in the general organization of trades-unions so recently formed, there are complaints of "wire-pullers" and "bosses" and "permanent officials." If, then, this supremacy of the regulators is seen in bodies of quite modern origin, formed of men who have, in many of the cases instanced, unhindered powers of asserting their independence, what will the supremacy of the regulators become in long-established bodies, in bodies which have become vast and highly organized, and in bodies which, instead of controlling only a small part of the unit's life, control the whole of his life?

Again there will come the rejoinder—"We shall guard against all that. Everybody will be educated; and all, with their eyes constantly open to the abuse of power, will be quick to prevent it." The worth of these expectations would be small even could we not identify the causes which

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will bring disappointment; for in human affairs the most promising schemes go wrong in ways which no one anticipated. But in this case the going wrong will be necessitated by causes which are conspicuous. The working of institutions is determined by men's characters; and the existing defects in their characters will inevitably bring about the results above indicated. There is no adequate endowment of those sentiments required to prevent the growth of a despotic bureaucracy.

Were it needful to dwell on indirect evidence, much might be made of that furnished by the behavior of the so-called Liberal party—a party which, relinquishing the original conception of a leader as a mouthpiece for a known and accepted policy, thinks itself bound to accept a policy which its leader springs upon it without consent or warning—a party so utterly without the feeling and idea implied by liberalism, as not to resent this tramping on the right of private judgment, which constitutes the root of liberalism—nay, a party which vilifies as renegade liberals, those of its members who refuse to surrender their independence! But without occupying space with indirect proofs that the mass of men have not the natures required to check the development of tyrannical officialism, it will suffice to contemplate the direct proofs furnished by those classes among whom the socialistic idea most predominates, and who think themselves most interested in propagating it—the operative classes. These would constitute the great body of the socialistic organization, and their characters would determine its nature. What, then, are their characters as displayed in such organizations as they have already formed?

Instead of the selfishness of the employing classes and the selfishness of competition, we are to have the unselfishness of a mutually-aiding system. How far is this unselfishness now shown in the behavior of working men to one another? What shall we say to the rules limiting the numbers of new hands admitted into each trade, or to the rules which hinder ascent from inferior classes of workers to superior classes? One does not see in such regulations any of that altruism by which socialism it to be pervaded. Contrariwise, one sees a pursuit of private interests no less keen than among traders. Hence, unless we suppose that men's natures will be suddenly exalted, we must conclude that the pursuit of private interests will sway the doings of all the component classes in a socialistic society.

With passive disregard of others' claims goes active encroachment on them. "Be one of us or we will cut off your means of living," is the usual threat of each trades-union to outsiders of the same trade. While their members insist on their own freedom to combine and fix the rates at which they will work (as they are perfectly justified in doing), the freedom of those who disagree with them is not only denied but the assertion of it is treated as a crime. Individuals who maintain their rights to make their own contracts are vilified as "blacklegs" and "traitors," and meet with violence which would be merciless were there no legal penalties and no

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police. Along with this trampling on the liberties of men of their own class, there goes peremptory dictation to the employing class: not prescribed terms and working arrangements only shall be conformed to, but none save those belonging to their body shall be employed—nay, in some cases, there shall be a strike if the employer carries on transactions with trading bodies that give work to non-union men. Here, then, we are variously shown by trades-unions, or at any rate by the newer trades-unions, a determination to impose their regulations without regard to the rights of those who are to be coerced. So complete is the inversion of ideas and sentiments that maintenance of these rights is regarded as vicious and trespass upon them as virtuous.*

Along with this aggressiveness in one direction there goes submissiveness in another direction. The coercion of outsiders by unionists is paralleled only by their subjection to their leaders. That they may conquer in the struggle they surrender their individual liberties and individual judgments, and show no resentment however dictatorial may be the rule exercised over them. Everywhere we see such subordination that bodies of workmen unanimously leave their work or return to it as their authorities order them. Nor do they resist when taxed all round to support strikers whose acts they may or may not approve, but instead, ill-treat recalcitrant members of their body who do not subscribe.

The traits thus shown must be operative in any new social organization, and the question to be asked is—What will result from their operation when they are relieved from all restraints? At present the separate bodies of men displaying them are in the midst of a society partially passive, partially antagonistic; are subject to the criticisms and reprobations of an independent press; and are under the control of law, enforced by police. If in these circumstances these bodies habitually take courses which override individual freedom, what will happen when, instead of being only scattered parts of the community, governed by their separate sets of regulators, they constitute the whole community, governed by a consolidated system

* Marvellous are the conclusions men reach when once they desert the simple principle, that each man should be allowed to pursue the objects of life, restrained only by the limits which the similar pursuits of their objects by other men impose. A generation ago we heard loud assertions of "the right to labor," that is, the right to have labor provided; and there are still not a few who think the community bound to find work for each person. Compare this with the doctrine current in France at the time when the monarchical power culminated; namely, that "the right of working is a royal right which the prince can sell and the subjects must buy." This contrast is startling enough; but a contrast still more startling is being provided for us. We now see a resuscitation of the despotic doctrine, differing only by the substitution of Trades-Unions for kings. For now that Trades-Unions are becoming universal, and each artisan has to pay prescribed monies to one or another of them, with the alternative of being a non-unionist to whom work is denied by force, it has come to this, that the right to labor is a Trade-Union right, which the Trade-Union can sell and the individual worker must buy!

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of such regulators; when functionaries of all orders, including those who officer the press, form parts of the regulative organization; and when the law is both enacted and administered by this regulative organization? The fanatical adherents of a social theory are capable of taking any measures, no matter how extreme, for carrying out their views: holding, like the merciless priesthoods of past times, that the end justifies the means. And when a general socialistic organization has been established, the vast, ramified, and consolidated body of those who direct its activities, using without check whatever coercion seems to them needful in the interests of the system (which will practically become their own interests) will have no hesitation in imposing their rigorous rule over the entire lives of the actual workers; until, eventually, there is developed an official oligarchy, with its various grades, exercising a tyranny more gigantic and more terrible than any which the world has seen.

Let me again repudiate an erroneous inference. Any one who supposes that the foregoing argument implies contentment with things as they are, makes a profound mistake. The present social state is transitional, as past social states have been transitional. There will, I hope, and believe, come a future social state differing as much from the present as the present differs from the past with its mailed barons and defenceless serfs. In *Social Statics,* as well as in *The Study of Sociology* and in *Political Institutions,* is clearly shown the desire for an organization more conducive to the happiness of men at large than that which exists. My opposition to socialism results from the belief that it would stop the progress to such a higher state and bring back a lower state. Nothing but the slow modification of human nature by the discipline of social life, can produce permanently advantageous changes.

A fundamental error pervading the thinking of nearly all parties, political and social, is that evils admit of immediate and radical remedies. "If you will but do this, the mischief will be prevented." "Adopt my plan and the suffering will disappear." "The corruption will unquestionably be cured by enforcing this measure." Everywhere one meets with beliefs, expressed or implied, of these kinds. They are all ill-founded. It is possible to remove causes which intensify the evils; it is possible to change the evils from one form into another; and it is possible, and very common, to exacerbate the evils by the efforts made to prevent them; but anything like immediate cure is impossible. In the course of thousands of years mankind have, by multiplication, been forced out of that original savage state in which small numbers supported themselves on wild food, into the civilized state in which the food required for supporting great numbers can be got only by continuous labor. The nature required for this last mode of life is widely different from the nature required for the first; and long-continued pains have to be passed through in re-moulding the one into the other. Misery has necessarily to be borne by a constitution

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out of harmony with its conditions; and a constitution inherited from primitive men is out of harmony with the conditions imposed on existing men. Hence it is impossible to establish forthwith a satisfactory social state. No such nature as that which has filled Europe with millions of armed men, here eager for conquest and there for revenge—no such nature as that which prompts the nations called Christian to vie with one another in filibustering expeditions all over the world, regardless of the claims of aborigines, while their tens of thousands of priests of the religion of love look on approvingly—no such nature as that which, in dealing with weaker races, goes beyond the primitive rule of life for life, and for one life takes many lives—no such nature, I say, can, by any device, be framed into a harmonious community. The root of all well-ordered social action is a sentiment of justice, which at once insists on personal freedom and is solicitous for the like freedom of others; and there at present exists but a very inadequate amount of this sentiment.

Hence the need for further long continuance of a social discipline which requires each man to carry on his activities with due regard to the like claims of others to carry on their activities; and which, while it insists that he shall have all the benefits his conduct naturally brings, insists also that he shall not saddle on others the evils his conduct naturally brings: unless they freely undertake to bear them. And hence the belief that endeavors to elude this discipline, will not only fail, but will bring worse evils than those to be escaped.

It is not, then, chiefly in the interests of the employing classes that socialism is to be resisted, but much more in the interests of the employed classes. In one way or other production must be regulated; and the regulators, in the nature of things, must always be a small class as compared with the actual producers. Under voluntary co-operation as at present carried on, the regulators, pursuing their personal interests, take as large a share of the produce as they can get; but, as we are daily shown by trades-union successes, are restrained in the selfish pursuit of their ends. Under that compulsory co-operation which socialism would necessitate, the regulators, pursuing their personal interests with no less selfishness, could not be met by the combined resistance of free workers; and their power, unchecked as now by refusals to work save on prescribed terms, would grow and ramify and consolidate till it became irresistible. The ultimate result, as I have before pointed out, must be a society like that of ancient Peru, dreadful to contemplate, in which the mass of the people, elaborately regimented in groups of 10, 50, 100, 500, and 1,000, ruled by officers of corresponding grades, and tied to their districts, were superintended in their private lives as well as in their industries, and toiled hopelessly for the support of the governmental organization.

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# EVOLUTION IN HYMNOLOGY

CHARLES H. RICHARDS

THE earliest music was hardly more than a rhythmic chant in monotone. It was perhaps an echo of the measured pulse-beat of the primitive drum. When men learned to vary this by tunes of two notes, or three notes, they may have thought that they had raised music to an art, and doubted if it could ever reach a higher stage of development. We find such primitive music among barbaric peoples to-day.

The words used in those rude and weird chants were doubtless as simple and uncouth as the music—the droning iteration and reiteration of some simple refrain, which somehow stirred the soul, and gave voice to that deep passion of the spirit which is much the same in every age and in every degree of culture.

We can only guess at the character of the primitive songs of worship. Some data for the historic imagination to work upon have drifted down to us in certain fragments of songs, which have been strangely preserved. The excavated treasure houses of Babylonia have given back to the world certain ancient hymns, older perhaps than those of Abraham, voicing the faith of those far-away people. They are in structure much like the Hebrew Psalms, and one learned professor thinks he has discovered the key to the system of accentuation, so that he has caught the very rhythm and metre to which they were sung thirty centuries or more ago.

The earliest hymn book with which our Christian worship concerns itself is the Jewish Psalter, familiar to us as the Book of Psalms. A marvellous collection of lyrics is this, marking an immense advance both in literary and musical art upon the crude beginnings which we faintly discern in the earliest period of human history. To our modern ears, indeed, the language occasionally sounds somewhat bizarre, and the list of instruments named for the accompaniment would seem in a modern orchestra as devices for making a noise rather than the exquisitely interblending harmonies of music as we now understand it. Yet



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these lyrics belong to the world's immortal literature, and the music to which they were sung, in great antiphonal choruses, must have been strangely impressive, and sometimes overwhelmingly grand.

Whatever may be concluded as to the date of these Hebrew songs, and their authorship, they voice the deepest thought and feeling of universal humanity in their praise and penitence and lofty aspiration. Of course, we recognize here and there passages which do not reach the lofty level of the spirit of Christ, and which mirror to us the lower moral standard of a rude and more brutal age. No disciple of Jesus wishes to sing, "Happy shall he be who dasheth thy little ones against the stones"; or, "Thou hast given me the necks of mine enemies, that I might destroy them that hate me. . . . Then did I beat them small as dust before the wind. I did cast them out as dirt in the streets." These words were written in an age when a vindictive and bloodthirsty spirit toward the enemies of Jehovah did not seem at variance with religion; but it is not the language of devotion in the courts of the Nazarene. They have a historic value as a landmark indicating the stage of moral progress which the race had reached at that time, but they should be judiciously omitted in the services of Christian worship.

Such archaic and purely local features are rare in the Psalter, and the larger part of these one hundred and fifty songs of devotion gathered into this book of praise over twenty centuries ago still remains one of the most inspiring, eloquent, pathetic, heart-stirring, soul-uplifting manuals of devotion which the world contains. The natural and supernatural are blended in its impassioned lyrics in the most striking way. There is a simplicity, a rugged grandeur, a passion of piety in the Hebrew lyrics, which make this the fount and source of much of the hymnography of all later songs.

Dean Stanley has graphically shown what a mighty grip the Psalms have had upon the religious life and thought of the world. "They were sung," he says, "by the ploughmen of Palestine in the time of Jerome; by the boatmen of Gaul in the time of Sidonius Apollinaris. In the most barbarous of Churches

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the Abyssinians treat the Psalter almost as an idol, and sing it through from end to end at every funeral. In the most Protestant of Churches—the Presbyterians of Scotland, the Nonconformists of England,—psalm singing has almost passed into a familiar description of their ritual. In the Churches of Rome and of England they are daily recited, in proportions such as far exceed the reverence shown to any other portion of the Scriptures."

With Christ there came into the world new ideals and standards, new hopes and purposes, which marked a transformation in life and character, and in methods of worship as well. A new kind of worship-song was needed to give expression to the new spirit of devotion. The use of the Psalter was not abolished. Christ's own example in singing the *Hallel* with his disciples at the last supper made the hymn book of the Jewish nation a welcome handbook of praise in the Christian church.

But it was not enough. Christians wanted something which would voice their ecstasy over the greatest event in the history of the human race and express their aspirations in view of the glorious revelations Christ had given. They must sing not only the Songs of David, but the Song of the angels over Bethlehem, "peace on earth, good will to men"; the *Magnificat* of Mary; the *Nunc Dimittis* of Simeon; the benediction expanded into the *Gloria Patri;* and perhaps the *Gloria Patri* and the angelic song blended and expanded into the *Gloria in Excelsis*. The early Church was a singing church: it could not help voicing its thanksgiving and adoration "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."

Gradually the more skilful members of the early Church began to cast their devotional expressions into the literary form of the secular lyrics of their age, and the unmetrical rhapsody gave way to the metrical hymn. The earliest specimen now remaining for us is perhaps the hymn ascribed to Clement of Alexandria, written about 200 A. D. and translated by Dr. Henry M. Dexter; of which the first line is, "Shepherd of tender youth." Probably the famous "Lamplighting hymn," the beautiful evening song, is of nearly the same date. E. M. Eddis has given us this translation of this Greek hymn:

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O Brightness of the Eternal Father's face,
Most holy, heavenly, blest,
Lord Jesus Christ, in whom His truth and grace
Are visibly expressed;

Now that the daylight fades, and one by one
The lamps of evening shine;
We praise once more the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost divine.

Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Praise from Thy Saints, O Lord;
Be Thou, O Son of God, in whom we live,
Through all the world adored!

The hymnody of the next seven centuries is that of the Eastern Church, of which these hymns were the first fruits. Some of the chief favorites of our day date back to the devout and earnest "melodists" of that early age, as they were called. There was Synesius, the pupil of the famous Hypatia, who accepted a bishopric on the condition that he would surrender his fields and his amusements; but he would not surrender his wife nor his philosophical ideas. His hymn, "Lord Jesus, think on me," has sung itself even to our day, since his death in the year 375.

A century later came Anatolius, the Bishop of Constantinople, who crowned the Emperor Leo. His song for the tempest-tossed, "Fierce was the wild billow, Dark was the night," and his evening song, "The day is past and over," are to-day as good as ever in their expression of Christian trust.

Two centuries and a half later came another devout Bishop, Andrew of Crete, who was born in 660. His hymn of conflict and courage,

"Christian, dost thou see them,
On the holy ground,"

is one of the most vivid and thrilling battle-calls of the Christian soldier.

Two great monasteries of the Eastern Church were especially rich in the fruitage of religious poetry. One was that of

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St. Sabas in Palestine, on the western shore of the Dead Sea, where John of Damascus (d. 750) wrote the familiar hymns,

"Come ye faithful, raise the strain,"

and

"The day of Resurrection!"

both full of the jubilant and exultant spirit of Christian hope. His nephew was Stephen the Sabaite, who in the same cloistered life wrote that most tender and touching rendering of Christ's invitation in Matthew xi: 28,

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to Me saith One, and coming,
Be at rest."

The other monastery was the Studium of Constantinople, the great centre of Church life for the Eastern Church. Here Theodore (d. 826) and Joseph (d. 860) and Theoctistus (d. 890) varied the monotony of monastic life by writing poetry, and we have from their pens, "Jesus, name all names above," and "O happy band of Pilgrims," and other songs.

We would not willingly be without these lyric treasures of that old Greek life. Yet it must be said that these writers probably have a far wider vogue to-day than in their own time. The Psalms were for centuries the main staple of Christian devotion, and as Chrysostom says, they were "first, middle and last in the assemblies" of worship of that early Church. The public use of uninspired song was looked upon with much suspicion. And although Chrysostom thought he could best counteract the Arian heresy, which was spread by its popular songs, by antiphonal and processional hymns composed on purpose to combat the rising error, the new Christian hymns did not attain universal use.

The Latin Church, however, from about the end of the fourth century gave a new and powerful impetus to hymn-singing. Hilary, the Bishop of Poitiers from 350 to 366, the stout defender of the Nicene Creed, is called "the father of Latin

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hymn-writing." Jerome says he wrote a "book of hymns," which the Spanish Church used, but which is now unhappily lost. Jerome describes the growing use of sacred song, and says that in his day those who went into the fields might hear "the ploughman at his hallelujahs, the mower at his hymns, and the vinedresser singing David's Psalms." Hilary has left to us some eight hymns, of such excellence that we lament the loss of the rest.

But Ambrose of Milan and Gregory the Great were the mighty forces that inspired and set the pace for the Latin hymnists. The *Te Deum,* which is an expansion of an old Greek hymn in prose, probably owes its present form to Ambrose, though we may not accept the tradition that he and Augustine produced it in spontaneous antiphonal responses, when the latter was received into the Church. The "Ambrosian hymns," so called, number about 100, some of the best of which are from his own hand and others by his disciples. They are irregular in rhythm, and often with only a rude suggestion of rhymes; but intellectual power and the passion of a lofty devotion breathe through them.

Two centuries later (about 600) came Gregory, the first Pope of that name, who has left us eleven of his hymns, but whose influence in church-song is due even more to the modifications and improvements in church music which he secured. The "Ambrosian music" gave way to the Gregorian, whose simplicity, nobility, and richness of harmony are still a power in our modern worship.

These men gave impetus and inspiration to a large company of Latin poets who for nearly a millennium enriched the worship of the Church with their songs. Some of them were laymen, like Prudentius, the Spaniard, who about the year 405 wrote, "Of the Father's love begotten," and Jacopone, the Italian lawyer, who 900 years later wrote the *Stabat Mater.*

Some were kings, like Charles the Bald, who is now believed by many to be the author (890) of *Veni, Creator Spiritus;* and Robert II of France, the son of Hugh Capet, who about the year 1030 may have written, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus,* which

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Trench calls the loveliest of all mediæval hymns. Dean Stanley's translation of this hymn is one of the finest:

Come Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love,
Thine own bright beams impart;
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart!

Some hymn writers were bishops, like Theodulph of Orleans, who about 830 gave the Church the beautiful Palm Sunday hymn, "All glory, laud and honor"; and Venantius Fortunatus of Poitiers, whose great Easter hymn "Welcome, happy morning," written about 600, was sung by Jerome of Prague in his hour of martyrdom.

Some were great scholars, like the Venerable Bede of England, the first of English hymn writers, as of English scholars, who wrote eleven hymns, as well as two poems on "The Day of Judgment"; and St. Thomas Aquinas, the "Doctor Angelicus," who wrote about 1260, "Sing, my tongue, the mystery telling."

Some were monks, like Notker of St. Gall, who died in 912, and who gave us the beautiful chant—"The strain upraise of joy and praise"; and Adam of St. Victor, "the greatest of mediæval poets," as Trench and Neale say, who sang, "Be the cross our theme and story"; and the two Bernards, one of Clairvaux and one of Cluny, each of whom has given to the world four exquisite hymns, taken from longer poems, which are among the very best of our songs of devotion.

There is a depth of tender piety, an ardent faith, and a bewitching charm of rhythm and rhyme about some of these old Latin hymns, which gave them in the original a singular fascination. One is reminded of the musical cadences of Edgar Allan Poe as he reads the tintinnabulating strains of the *Stabat Mater,* for example:

Stabat Mater, Dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius;

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Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem,
Pertransivet gladius—

which Dr. J. W. Alexander translated:

Near the cross stood Mary, weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son;
There in speechless anguish groaning,
Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
Through her soul the sword had gone.

And the same marvellous music is noticeable in that weird and terrible masterpiece of Thomas of Celano, the friend and biographer of Francis d'Assisi, who died about 1226,—the *Dies Iræ;*

Dies iræ, Dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in Favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla.
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricto discussurus,

which has been rendered thus:

Day of wrath, with vengeance glowing,
Seer and Sibyl long foreknowing!
Earth and time to ruin going.
How the guilty world will tremble
When the Judge shall all assemble,
And not one will dare dissemble.

This hymn, like a stern trumpet blast of doom, held the affrighted soul of mediæval days under its spell of terror for centuries.

The Latin Church, after the time of Gregory, had its singing done largely by monks and choirs. The hymns were inspiring; the music was often elaborate and impressive. But the people praised by proxy. When the Reformation came it gave back to the people the privilege of carrying out the injunction

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of the Psalmist, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord." It was in perfect accord with the fundamental principle of the Reformation, which accorded to every man the right of private judgment and of direct personal access to God. Christians were no longer to have their praying or their praising done for them; they were to do it for themselves. Luther, who was an expert musician as well as a theological athlete, set to work to give the German people some songs that would set their hearts on fire with the passion of holy purpose. He knew that a singing Church is the only victorious Church. He formed a "house choir" of musical friends to try, select, and compose the best hymns and tunes for the use of the Church. He published a little volume of eight hymns, in 1522, which grew to sixty-three in 1527; and these to one hundred and twenty-five in 1545—a small hymn book, but effective. He himself composed thirty-seven hymns, of which some twelve were translations and adaptations from the Latin, and the others were the joyful outburst of his own Christian courage and confidence. His "Ein' Feste Burg" Carlyle compares to the "sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of the earthquake." Heine calls it "the Marseillaise of the Reformation." Coleridge declares that "Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible," and if we may take the testimony of an enemy as to his power of stirring the hearts of the people with song, we may hear the Roman Catholic theologian Congenius lamenting that "the hymns of Luther had destroyed more souls than his writings or sermons." These hymns of his were often set to familiar and popular airs, and spread like wildfire, giving a congregational character to Protestant worship such as the mediæval Church had never known.

The example of Luther was contagious, and a host of German poets have contributed to the worship-song of the Church, till the hymns from the land of Luther number over 100,000. They are from such writers as Nicolai, and Gerhardt, and Teersteegen, and Novalis, and Gustavus Adolphus, and Schmolke, and others, whose tender and heart-moving verses enrich every modern hymnal.

The Reformers in other lands were equally eager to have a

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singing Church, in which all the people should participate in praising God. John Calvin was a hymn-book maker. He found the version of Psalms which Clement Marot had turned into French verse, and set to popular airs, and to music by Gondimel, and which had been sung by Francis I, and his Queen and courtiers, who had made them quite the style. Calvin, who held that whatever was sung in church must be from the Bible, took up these metrical versions of the Psalms by Marot, added five original translations of Psalms from his own pen, also the Apostles' Creed, the Song of Simeon, and the Decalogue in verse. This was published in 1539, and was the germ of the Genevan Psalter which was published in 1542. Only one original hymn, not based on the Psalms, is left to us from Calvin's facile pen; it begins, "I greet Thee, who my sure Redeemer art," and it is doubtful if, with his principles, he would have permitted it to be sung in church, since it was not a transcription of Scripture.

In England the same movement for congregational worship in song appeared at the same time. When Miles Coverdale, Thomas Cromwell's friend, and the translator of "The Great Bible," as it is called, put forth his "Goostlie Psalms" at Cambridge in 1536, he was the forerunner of a long procession of those who were to compile the songs of the Church in our English tongue. His "Goostlie Psalms," like the "Geistliche Lieder," of the land of Luther, were simply the "Spiritual Songs" of his day.

Thomas Sternhold, the pious groom of the robes to Henry VIII, and afterwards to Edward, was so scandalized by the amorous and obscene songs of the Court, that he resolved to do as Clement Marot had done in France. He turned into English metre fifty-one of the Psalms, and set them to music, hoping that the gay singers of the king's household would use them instead of the ribald songs which corrupted and degraded the Court. A little later, with a collaborator, he put forth in 1549 the famous Sternhold and Hopkins version of the Psalms, which held its own in the Church for a hundred years. Then a complaint arose that its style was obsolete and old-fashioned, and Francis Rous, in 1646, a lawyer and member of Parliament, and later one of Cromwell's Privy Council, put out a new version

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which became very popular, whose rude and uncouth measures may still be heard in some quarters. Half a century later Nahum Tate, poet-laureate of England for twenty-five years, and Nicholas Brady, sometime chaplain to William III, tried their hands jointly at a new metrical version of the Psalms, which appeared in 1695.

While these attempts were being made in England, our fathers on this side of the sea were singing out of "Ainsworth's Psalms," which had been published in Amsterdam in 1612 just after the Pilgrim Fathers had fled to Holland. And in 1640 the *Bay Psalm Book* appeared, the first book ever printed in New England. The literary editors of this venture were Richard Mather, Thomas Welde, and John Eliot, all graduates of Emmanuel College in Cambridge University, England, and who in spite of their great learning produced a book of terrible jargon. It was printed in the house of President Dunster of Harvard College, on a "printery" recently imported, and it ran through seventy editions. No better evidence of the tremendous constitutions and indomitable nerve of our ancestors is needed than the fact that they survived the use of this poetical and musical monstrosity through seventy editions. As an antiquarian treasure of great rarity the *Bay Psalm Book* of our fathers is to-day worth its weight in gold: but for any other purpose it is valueless. It has been well called "the most unique specimen of poetical tinkering in our literature."

As a specimen of the sort of sacred song they had in the "good old times," take this extract from the Sternhold and Hopkins version of the 109th Psalm, sometimes called the "cursing psalm," which was a great favorite of Cromwell's:

As he did cursing love, it shall
  Betide unto him so,
And as he did not blessing love
  It shall be farre him fro,
As he with cursing clad himselfe
  So it like water shall
Into his bowels and like oyl
  Into his bones befall.

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Or this from the *Bay Psalm Book,* from the Song of Deborah and Barak:

Out of a window Sisera
his mother looked, and said
The lattess thro' in coming why
so long his chariot staid?
His chariot wheels why tarry they?
her wise dames answeréd
Yea, she turned answer to herself
and what have they not sped?
The prey by poll: a maid or twain
what parted have not they?
Have they not parted, Sisera,
a party-colored prey,
A party-colored neildwork pray
of neildwork on each side
That's party-colored meet for necks
of them that spoil divide?

The poet who composed such verses as these seems to have driven Pegasus over a corduroy road.

Singularly enough the Bibliolatry of the age was one great reason why the religious songs were so grotesque and uncouth. The exaggerated reverence for the Holy Scriptures as giving the *ipsissima verba* of Jehovah, made men feel it a sort of impiety to worship God with any form of words save those He had himself given. Hence they clung to the most literal and exact reproduction of scripture words which they could twist into metre, and they undertook to put the whole Old Testament into singable form. They made paraphrases of Solomon's Song, of the proverbs, of twelve chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, even of the genealogies of the Hebrews. Uninspired hymns were proscribed in the public worship, even of the Anglican Church, till near the close of the seventeenth century.

To be sure, quaint George Wither made a hymn book in 1623, containing, besides the paraphrases of Scripture, his own hymns for festal days and special occasions—for sheep shearing, for a lover, for a tailor, and others. But he evidently did not expect them to be used in public worship.

At last the dapper little Independent minister, Isaac Watts, only five feet tall, but a condensed package of genuine poesy,

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broke away from the fetters that had crippled and hindered the Church. He was disgusted with the rude doggerel which it seemed to him almost a blasphemy to use in worshipping God. He boldly took the ground that a hymn might be founded not only on a Psalm, but on any other devotional passage of Scriptures, or on any Christian sentiment expressed in Scripture. He began by writing for his own Sunday service the hymn, "Behold, the glories of the Lamb," and he followed it up by a succession of similar lyrics, so noble in sentiment, so pure and beautiful in style, so full of sound Christian feeling, that they revolutionized the song service of the Protestant Churches. He is recognized as the father of modern English hymnody, and many of his hymns still hold their place as among the finest gems of sacred song in all our treasury of worship-literature. For two centuries Watts has distanced every other contributor to our modern hymn books, both in number and general quality of hymns. Of course he wrote a great many things which do not stand the test of time. Doggerel and bombast and trivial or distorted ideas got the mastery of him at times. But some of his lyrics are among the noblest in the language. Matthew Arnold considered his hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," the finest English hymn ever written. The little pocket-edition poet-preacher is still *facile princeps* among the hymn writers.

But Charles Wesley is a close second. Of his six thousand hymns, an enormous production in bulk, a great deal is winnowed out by the sifting of time. But there remain to us in the residue some of the finest lyrical material in our Saxon speech. If one were going to select the best fifty hymns in the English language, he would be pretty sure to put in this half-dozen of Wesley's,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
"Love divine, all love excelling,"
"Hark! the herald angels sing,"
"Come, Thou Almighty King,"
"O for a thousand tongues to sing,"
"O love divine, how sweet thou art."

Charles Wesley was the Corypheus of the Methodist movement, and leaving out of account the large amount of what now seems to us rubbish which his prolific pen produced, probably

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two hundred effective hymns of his constituted a tremendous dynamo of spiritual energy in that great denomination which has advanced by such leaps and bounds in a century and a half.

Into this renaissance of church-song inaugurated by Watts and Wesley came other writers of hardly less skill and fire—Philip Doddridge, William Cowper, John Newton, James Montgomery, Thomas Kelly, and others. And in later years there has been a large amount of the finest lyrical material added by a group of modern writers which is constantly growing. John Mason Neale and Edward Caswall have rediscovered and put into exquisite literary form many of the half-forgotten hymns of the Greek and Roman Churches. Archbishops Benson and Maclagan, Bishops Heber and How and Wordsworth, Deans Alford and Stanley and Milman, Horatius Bonar and Frances Ridley Havergal, John Ellerton and Frederick William Faber, Thomas Toke Lynch and Henry Francis Lyte, Ray Palmer and Samuel Francis Smith, and many others, have rendered invaluable service by their noble hymns.

All branches of the Christian Church are found in this jubilant singing host. The Roman Catholics have been large contributors, from Ambrose and the two Bernards down to Cardinal Newman and F. W. Faber. At the other extreme is a group of Quaker singers, from Bernard Barton to Whittier. Methodists from the Wesleys to Dr. F. M. North, Presbyterians from Calvin to Henry Van Dyke, and Baptists from Leland to W. N. Clarke are in the choiring company. More than a hundred Congregationalists from Isaac Watts to Washington Gladden have given these lyrics of the soul. Anglicans from Joseph Addison to Bickersteth are side by side with Unitarians from Sir John Bowring to Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Episcopalians of America through Bishops Coxe and Doane and Phillips Brooks and others have given many really beautiful hymns. Other branches of the Church have added their quota.

When one takes up one of the best modern hymnals, he finds it to be a careful selection from several hundred thousand hymns, the cream of the whole. The process of exclusion has been carried on with strict regard to certain principles which are rigidly applied. Dr. Louis F. Benson has set forth these canons of

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judgment admirably. He says the best hymn must have five qualities: (1) it must be a genuine lyric, something singable, the expression of noble feeling that naturally bursts into song; (2) it must have literary excellence, in the felicity of its phrases, in the good taste of its imagery; (3) it must have liturgical propriety, and be adapted to the purpose of worship; (4) it must be reverent, as befits the service of religion in the presence of God; and (5) it must have spiritual reality, being neither insincere nor untrue, avoiding all exaggerated statements of personal feeling, and all sensationalism. It is easy to see that if these tests are faithfully applied, a great deal that has pased muster with careless collators of worshipsong must go to the waste-basket.

And this is what has occurred, as a matter of fact. The best editors to-day reject the material that does not measure up to this standard, and the result is the gathering of from six hundred to a thousand hymns of a very high quality. Some one disparages these as "not literature." Not literature? If he will take up one of the latest and best of our modern hymnals, he will probably find in it hymns composed by Alfred, Lord Tennyson; by Goethe, who shares with Luther the honor of being the greatest literary power in German thought and life; by John Milton and Alexander Pope and Walter Scott; by John Keble and George MacDonald; by Francis Turner Palgrave, who was Professor of Poetry at Oxford; by Rudyard Kipling and John Hay; by Mrs. Browning ("Shakespeare's daughter") and Adelaide A. Proctor; by Phœbe Cary and Harriet Beecher Stowe and Richard Watson Gilder; by that famous quintet of American poets, Bryant, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier.

Of course it must be admitted that much wretched material is poured forth upon a long-suffering world through other channels. Pious rhymesters grind out crude stuff by the mile. And the worst of it is, a great many people like it. Ragtime poetry set to ragtime music too often tickles the vitiated taste. Catchy airs float into wide use many a weak and trivial hymn, loaded with a nauseating sentimentalism, or a distorted theology. Sunday schools and churches often sing such things till their spiritual vision is perverted, their spiritual strength emasculated, and their taste depraved. It is like over-indulgence in sweets or intoxi-

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cants. People come to depend on the stimulation of their nerves by grotesque and sensational words and music, till they lose the power to be inspired by the noble thought, voiced in really devotional music, given by the finest poets and the best composers.

But the over-production of the trivial and enervating songs may be discouraged by refusing to use them, and by assiduously cultivating a taste for better things. As Michelangelo transformed Rafael's beginnings of the decoration of a Roman palace, where the figures were all too small for the proportions, not by verbal criticism, but by sketching on the wall a gigantic head, exactly adapted to the vast spaces to be filled, so churches may drive out the worst by persistently using the best.

The best "Gospel Songs," as they are called, are valuable for occasional use. Ballad music has its proper place in the service of the Church as it has elsewhere, and some of these heart-songs of the Christian life have been immensely useful. They often touch the sympathies and stir the aspirations of the average man where songs of the higher class would not move him. They often prepare the way for better things. But they should be used sparingly, and with a large admixture of the stronger and nobler hymns and tunes, which when made thoroughly familiar will intrench themselves in the affections of the people as nothing else will. It is worthy of note that Newman's hymn, "Lead, kindly light," which is preëminently the fruit of high culture, set to Dyke's tune *Lux Benigna,* which is one of the more elaborate and difficult of the modern English tunes, has, since it has become known as McKinley's favorite, been sung everywhere with popular relish, so that even the hand-organs have taken it up as a people's song—a folk-song.

Much may be done to cultivate a noble taste in Church song, by a judicious selection of what shall be sung. It is to be feared that many people choose a song for the music rather than the words, and the music is certainly an important element to be considered. But it ought to be the rule not to sing anything the words of which will not read well. If the hymn is full of faulty rhetoric, false theology, weak sentimentalism, claptrap nonsense, extravagant pietism, which cannot be the genuine expression of

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a healthy soul, let it alone. Its weakness will be revealed when read, rather than sung.

Certain things, at least, can be avoided. A distinguished preacher of our day has declared that he will never call himself a "worm," even in song, thinking that it dishonors God by belittling his noblest creation. That would rule out that otherwise noble hymn,

> Great God, how infinite art thou!
> What worthless worms are we!

It used to be felt that we exalted God by vilifying ourselves, and that it was a mark of piety to apply to ourselves the most extravagant self-accusations; but that day has fortunately gone by. Such expressions lack the note of spiritual reality.

Merely didactic hymns which were intended simply to enforce doctrine, and not to express devout feeling, especially if the doctrine is faulty, should not be used as the lyrics of faith. Our fathers sang this expansion of the 12th verse of the 51st Psalm;

> Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,
> And born unholy and unclean;
> Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
> Corrupts his race and taints us all.
>
> Soon as we draw our infant breath
> The seeds of sin grow up for death;
> Thy law demands a perfect heart
> But we're defiled in every part.

That is going a good deal further than David intended, and is no longer regarded as a fit song for the Church.

Another hymn of a century ago, which was dear to the heart of some who thought that religion was fostered by presenting stern and terrifying dogmatic statements, began with the words:

> My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
> Damnation and the dead.

Happily it has long since passed into disuse.

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Such hymns seem almost like travesties of the Christian religion, so foreign are they to the teachings and spirit of Christ. But when we see what people in the "good old times" were willing to sing, we are not greatly surprised at the offering of a devout poetaster of a later day, quoted by the Rev. W. Garrett Horder of London in one of his lectures in this country:

My heart is like a rusty lock;
Lord, oil it by thy grace;
And rub it, rub it, rub it, Lord,
Till it reflect thy face.

Fortunately the higher standards and sounder taste now prevailing have led the Churches to turn away from mere rhymed dogmatics to truly devotional hymns. There is a splendid abundance of the best hymns in our day, set to noble and inspiring music. Children are becoming familiar with them in the Sunday school. Their elders are singing them with fervor and delight in the church.

With the use of these nobler songs of the soul men are finding that there is a dynamic in them of the greatest value. Enthusiasm is kindled, interest deepened, and decisions are intensified by them. Churches are avoiding a too frequent use of plaintive and melancholy songs, which imply that the harps are still to be hung upon the willows in a strange land. They are singing songs of courage, of cheer, and of triumphant faith. They are not singing as much about heaven as they used to. They are singing more about the Kingdom here below which is to transform earth into a heaven when the victories of Christ are complete. They are not singing songs of vague and dreamy sentimentality as much as of old. They are singing songs of character, of service, of brotherhood, of Christian patriotism, of aggressive missionary spirit, of the practical Christian life.

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